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SCOLDS ; AND HOW THEY CURED THEM IN THE
"GOOD OLD TIMES."

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" Whene'er I try to speak, athwart my tongue a break is placed."

" Of members ye tongue is worst or best,
An yll tongue doeth unrest."

A FEW generations back, in the "good old times," our forefathers were wont to indulge in certain descriptions of punishments which told not very well for their gallantry or their seeming propriety. Amongst the most curious of these were the Brank, and the Ducking Stool—both instruments of punishment directed against scolding wives,—and the Cage, Pillory, Stocks, Finger Stocks, Mortar, and Whipping Post, most if not all of which were also, in those times used against refractory disturbers of domestic peace. With the former of these, only, we have now to do ; of the others we shall have something to say to our readers hereafter.

Of the BRANK, that curious and exquisitely cruel instrument of punishment by which borough physicians sought to cure women of an ailment of the tongue, to which they are libellously said to be subject, viz., that of scolding, we give a few illustrations, *not* in the hope of restoring to use a punishment now happily obsolete, but for the purpose of drawing attention to one phase in the social life of past generations with which probably many of our readers are not familiar.

The "Brank," or "Scolds' Bridle," or "Gossips' Bridle," as this strange instrument has been variously called was, apparently, from the many allusions to its application which occur in corporation accounts and other records, in very general use in this kingdom ; and in some counties the specimens still existing are sufficiently abundant to testify to its prevalence. In Cheshire alone no less than thirteen examples are still extant—how many more have been used and lost it is of course impossible to conjecture,—in Lancashire five or six are still remaining, and in Staffordshire also five are known to be now in existence. In Derbyshire, to its honour be it spoken, only one specimen is known to

have been kept, and that one was at CHESTERFIELD. Others may have been used in the County, but at all events the Chesterfield example is the only one known, and no allusion to the torture in any other place in the county has as yet come under my observation. Whether the women of Cheshire, Lancashire, and Staffordshire, were more violent with their tongues than those of Derbyshire, or whether the men of those Counties were more barbarously and cruelly inclined, it would perhaps be difficult to say. The fact however remains that while in Cheshire thirteen Branks now remain, in Derbyshire which adjoins it, only one is ever known to have existed, and of its having been actually used no record remains. Of the people of Cheshire an old author says :—

“ Their manners seem to be in the main of the best sort according to the general idea of manners. They are sociable in their entertainments, cheerful at their meals, liberal in their hospitality, hasty, but soon brought to temper, impatient of dependance and bondage, kind to the distressed, compassionate to the poor, fond of their relations, sparing of labour, free from resentment, not given to excess in eating, undesigning, fond of borrowing other people’s property, abounding in woods and pastures, rich in meat and cattle.”

While of those of Derbyshire, Philip Kinder two hundred years ago says :—

“ The country women here are chaste and sober, very diligent in their husewifery; they hate idleness, love and obey their husbands, only in some of the great townes many of the seeming sanctificators use to follow the Presbyterian gang, and on a lecture day put on their best rayment and doo hereby take occasion to goo a goosipping. Your merry wives of Bentley will sometimes look in ye glass, chirpe a cupp merrily yet not indecently. In the Peak they are much given to dance after the bagpipes—almost every towne hath a bagpipe in it.”

Thus, if one of the Cheshire characteristics was being “hasty,” perhaps the being “soon brought to temper” might be the effect of using the Brank! and other equally strong measures.

The Brank consisted of a kind of crown, or framework, of iron, which was locked upon the head; and it was armed in front with a gag, a plate, or a sharp-cutting knife or point, which was placed in the poor woman’s mouth, so as to prevent her moving her tongue—or it was so placed that if she did move it, or attempt to speak, it was cut in the most frightful manner. With this cage upon her head, and with the gag firmly pressed and locked against her tongue, the miserable creature whose sole offending perhaps was that she had raised her voice in defence of her social rights, against a brutal and besotted husband, or had spoken honest truth of some one high in office in her town, was paraded through the streets, led by a chain, by the hand of the bellman, the beadle, or the constable; or chained to the pillory, the whipping post, or market cross, to be subjected to every conceivable insult and degradation, without even the power left her of asking for mercy, or of promising amendment, for the future—and, when the punishment was over, she was turned out from the Townhall, or the place where the brutal punishment had been inflicted, maimed, disfigured, bleeding, faint and degraded, to be the subject of comment and jeering among her neighbours, and to be reviled at by her persecutors.

The Brank it appears was never a *legalised* instrument of punishment; but nevertheless it was most generally used, and was one of the means by which those petty-kings, but arch-tyrants, of provincial towns, the

Mayors, Bailiffs, Constables, or Justices, kept up their power and held people in awe.—It was one of those cruel means by which authority was preserved and power vindicated, at the expense of all that was just, and seemly, and rational. Let our readers fancy, if they can, now-a-days, a man “presenting” his wife to the Mayor as a *scold*, or as a *gossip*, and claiming that punishment should be administered to her! What would they think if they saw the poor woman “bridled,” the knife point thrust into her mouth, the iron hoop locked tight round her jaws, the cross bands of iron brought over her head and clasped behind, her arms pinioned, a ring and chain attached to the brank, and thus led or driven from the market place, through all the principal streets of the town, for an hour or two, and then brought back bleeding, faint, ill, and degraded. Let them fancy all this, and then say whether it is not indeed a happy thing that our lot is cast in better days than those in which such disgusting public punishments could be asked for by husbands, or neighbours ; inflicted by the authorities, and tolerated by the people themselves.

As in Hudibras is said of the Cucking Stool, might also be said of the Branks, that it is—

“— An unchristian opera,
Much used in midnight times of popery,
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions ;
To scandalise that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholden.”

The Brank has frequently been alluded to by writers, and its use as “a bridle for the tongue,” will be familiar to most people. Old William Bagshaw, the “Apostle of the Peak,” has for the Title of a Sermon in 1671, “The ready way to prevent, on *Prov.* 30—32, with a Bridle for the Tongue.” Gay also alludes to it ; and Robert Burns in his poem on dining with the young Lord Daer, says drolly—

“ See far I sprackled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord !
* * *
And gowring as if led wi' branks,
And stumplin on my ploughman shanks,
I in the parlour hammer'd.”

THE CHESTERFIELD BRANK, here for the first time engraved, is a remarkably good example, and has the additional interest of bearing a date. It is nine inches in height, and six inches and three quarters across the hoop. It consists of a hoop of iron, hinged on either side, and fastening behind ; and a band, also of iron, passing over the head, from back to front, and opening in front to admit the nose of the woman whose misfortune it was to wear it. The mode of putting it on, would be this—The brank would be opened by throwing back the sides of the hoop, and the hinder part of the band, by means of the hinges, c, r, r. The constable, or other official, would then stand in front of his victim, and force the knife, or plate, A, into her mouth, the divided band passing on either side her nose, which would protrude through the opening, B. The hoop would then be closed behind, the band brought down from the top to the back of the head, and fastened

down upon it, at *E*, and thus the cage would at once be firmly and immoveably fixed so long as her tormentors might think fit. On the left side is a chain, *D*, one end of which is attached to the hoop, and at the other is a ring, by which the victim was led, or by which she was, at pleasure, attached to a post or wall. On the front of the brank are the initials "T. C." and the date "1688"—the year of the "Glorious Revolution"—the year of all years, memorable in the annals of Chesterfield, and of the little village of Whittington, closely adjoining, in which that revolution was planned. Strange that an instrument of brutal and tyrannical torture, should be made and used at Chesterfield, at the same moment that the people should be plotting for freedom at the same place. The brank was formerly in the old poor house at Chesterfield, and came into the hands of Mr Weale, the assistant Poor Law Commissioner, who presented it to Lady Walsham. It is now (August 1860) still in the hands of Sir John Walsham, Bart., and the drawing from which the accompanying woodcut is executed, was kindly made and furnished to me by Miss Dulcy Bell, Sir John's sister-in-law. It is to be hoped that this interesting relic may yet find its way back to Derbyshire, and may find a resting-place in the Museum of the County to which it belongs.

One of the earliest examples of the Brank is that at WALTON-ON-THAMES, which bears the date 1633, and the characteristic couplet

"CHESTER presents WALTON with a Bridle,
To Curb Women's Tongues that talk too Idly."

It is traditionally said that this brank was given to the parish of Walton by a gentleman named Chester, who had by the gossiping and tattling of a woman to a rich kinsman, from whom he had great expectations, lost a large and promising estate. An early example, of wood, said to be of the time of Henry VIII., is preserved in the Meyrick collection, and others, of at least as early a period, occur in Scotland.

In some examples, the plate, or knife, was evidently intended simply to press down the tongue and keep it quiet, while others are sharp at the end, for cutting ; and others again, are covered with little spikes, which would lacerate the mouth in all directions. One, called the



“Witches Bridle,” formerly at FORFAR, is one of the most savagely cruel things which could well be invented. In place of the plate or gag, is a kind of spur rowel, with three sharply-pointed spikes; when placed in the mouth, the upper spike pierced the roof of the mouth, the lower one the palate, while the other bored the tongue. Added to this is a chain, by which the constable could twitch or pull the bridle at pleasure (!) and thus add to the excruciating pain which his victim must be enduring. The accompanying engraving exhibits this diabolical instrument, which is dated 1661, and is described as the bridle by which condemned witches were led to execution.



There are several examples existing in Scotland,—and indeed the instrument is said to be of Scotch origin, and to have gradually made its way over the border into our own kingdom, where it seems to have been gladly adopted,—but we shall only give one other illustration, that of EDINBURGH. This brank was found in 1848, behind the oak pannelling in the ancient house of the Earls of Moray, in the Canongate. It will be seen to be almost identical in form with some of the English examples.

At LEICESTER, a very good example, of the same construction as the Chesterfield one, exists, and is shown in the accompanying woodcut. It has a chain about a foot long attached to the back of the hoop.

At NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, a very good example is still preserved, which has very frequently been referred to. One of the most singular allusions to it is in “Gardiner’s England’s Grievance Discovered, in relation to the Coal Trade,” printed in 1655, in which, among many equally curious passages, occurs the following:—



" John Willis, of Ipswich, upon his oath said, that he, this Deponent, was in Newcastle six months ago, and there he saw one Ann Bidlestone drove through the streets by an officer of the same corporation, holding a rope in his hand, the other end fast-



ened to an engine called the Branks, which is like a Crown, it being of iron, which was maul'd over the head and face, with a great gap or tongue of Iron forced into her mouth which forced the blood out. And that is the punishment which the magistrates do inflict upon chiding and scolding women, and that he hath often seen the like done to others."

" He, this Deponent, further affirms that he hath seen men drove up and down the streets with a great Tub or Barrel opened in the sides, with a hole in one end to put through their heads, and so cover their shoulders and bodies down to the small of their legs, and then close the same, called the new-fashioned Cloak, and so make them wear it to the view of all beholders, and this is their punishment for drunkards and the like."

It is described and figured by Brande, in his History of Newcastle. For the reduced fac-simile of Gardiner's curious plate, given above, I am indebted to my friend W. H. Brockett, Esq., of Gateshead. A curious allusion to it also occurs in Lackington's Memoirs, 1795:—

" At the Town Hall (Newcastle-on-Tyne) I was shown a piece of antiquity called a *brank*. It consists of a combination of iron fillets, and is fastened to the head by a lock fixed to the back part of it. A thin plate of iron goes into the mouth, sufficiently strong, however, to confine the tongue, and thus prevent the wearer from making any use of that restless member. The use of this piece of machinery is to punish notorious scolds. I am pleased to find that it is now considered merely as a matter of curiosity, the females of that town happily having not the smallest occasion of so harsh an instrument; whether it is that all females, apprehensive of being included in that description, have travelled southward to avoid the danger of so degrading an exhibition, or whatever other reason is assigned, I forgot to enquire. It however affords me pleasure to reflect that the ladies of Newcastle are left at liberty to adopt a head-dress of their own choosing, confident that they possess a more refined taste than to fix upon one by no means calculated to display their lovely countenances to advantage, as I am persuaded the brank would cast such a gloom on the fairest of them as would tend much to diminish the influence of their charms, and give pain to every beholder. It may be prudent, notwithstanding, still to preserve it *in terrorem*, as who knows what future times may produce? As I esteem it a very ingenious contrivance, and as there may be parts of the country still to be found, where the application of such a machine may be useful in some Christian families (I will not say all, having sufficient grounds for asserting the contrary), I here present you with an accurate sketch of it, together with the manner of its application; that if any ingenious artist should be applied to, he may not be at a loss how it is to be made. I would, however, advise him to be cautious in offering them to public sale, and by no means to advertise them, especially if a married man, or having any views towards matrimony."

In the ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM at OXFORD, is preserved one of the more harmless kind, the gag brank,—one in which the plate is rolled over at the end so as not to injure the tongue, but merely to press it down



and keep it still. In this specimen the chain is affixed to the front, immediately over the nose, instead of at the back or side, and thus the poor delinquent, besides being gagged, had the mortification of being "led by the nose!" through the town. In the woodcut, for which I am indebted to the Archaeological Institute, *a* is the gag, and *b* the aperture for the nose.

A very remarkable brank, in the possession of my late much lamented friend, Mr. Carrington, whose death has just taken place, was figured in the Archaeological Journal, and is shown in the accompanying engraving. It bears upon it the letter W surmounted by an open arched crown, which Mr. Carrington well supposed to denote its date; viz., the reign of William III. In it the front of the band is made to fit the nose, while the lower part of the face is enclosed in a



plate. It thus partakes somewhat of the character of a mask ; but not so much so as a very grotesque example in the possession of Col. Jarvis, of DODDINGTON PARK, in Lincolnshire, which, it will be seen



from the accompanying engraving, has apertures for the eyes, a prominence to fit the nose, and a long funnel-shaped peak projecting from the mouth. This example was exhibited to the Archaeological Institute at the meeting at Lincoln, and engraved in the Journal.

At NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME, in Staffordshire, a remarkably good brank was preserved, and was thus alluded to by the celebrated Dr. Plot—

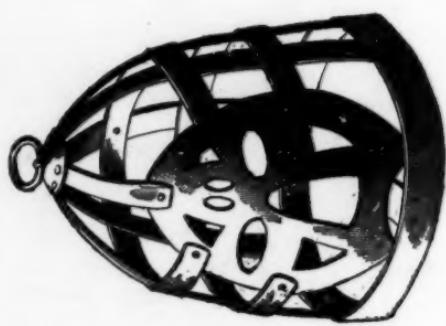
"We come to the Arts that respect Mankind, amongst which, as elsewhere, the civility of precedence must be allowed to the women, and that as well in punishments as favours. For the former, whereof they have such a peculiar artifice at New-Castle [under Lyme] and Wallsall for coercing of scolds, which it does too so effectually, and so very safely, that I look upon it as much to be prefered to the Cucking-Stoole, which not only endangers the health of the party, but also gives the tongue liberty twixt every dipp ; to neither of which is this at all lyable ; it being such a bridle for the tongue, as not only quite deprives them of speech, but brings shame for the transgression, and humility therupon, before 'tis taken off. Which being an instrument scarce heard of, much less seen, I have here presented it to the reader's view (tab. 32, fig. 9) as it was taken from the original one, made of iron, at New-Castle-under-Lyme, wherein the letter *a* shews the joyned collar that comes round the neck ; *b* & *c* the loops and staples to let it out and in, according to the bigness and slenderness of the neck ; *d* the joyned semicircle that comes over the head, made forked at one end to let through the nose, and *e* the plate of iron that is put into the mouth and keeps down the tongue. Which being put upon the offender by order of the magistrate, and fastened with a padlock behind, she is lead through the towns by an officer, to her shame, nor is it taken off, till after the party begins to shew all external signes imaginable of humiliation and amendment."

This example afterwards became the property of my friend Mr. Mayer, the eminent antiquary of Liverpool, from whose magnificent collection, I regret to learn, it has been stolen.

While speaking of Dr. Plot, it may not be out of place to remark, that on the copy of his Staffordshire, in the British Museum, is the following marginal note supposed to be in his autograph :—

"This bridle for the tongue seems to be very ancient, being mentioned by an ancient English poet, I think Chaucer, *quem vide* :—
 :: But for my daughter Julian,
 I would she were well bolted with a Bridle,

PLATE VI.



BRANKS AT HAMSTALL RIDWARE.



That leaves her work to play the clack,
And lets her wheel stand idle,
For it serves not for she-ministers,
Farriers nor Furriers,
Cobblers nor Button-makers,
To descent on the Bible."

Of the other examples of Staffordshire branks the two most curious are those of HAMSTALL RIDWARE and LICHFIELD, but others also existed at WALSALL and BEAUDESERT. That at the Manor House at Hamstall Ridware is a very complicated frame-work, consisting of three encircling hoops, bound together by three iron bands crossing each other at the top, and thus dividing the circumference into six parts. At the top is a plate and ring ; and in front a mask pierced for the eyes, nose, &c., must have given it a hideously burlesque appearance when worn. It opens at the back with a door, in the same manner as a lantern.

The LICHFIELD one is a single hoop, with a tongue-plate or knife, a front band pierced for the nose, and four other bands meeting and fastening at top, where they join together. The chain and fastening are on the left side. This is shewn in the accompanying engraving.



At MORPETH a very good example exists, and its use is thus recorded :—

"Dec. 3, 1741. Elizabeth, wife of George Holborn, was punished with the branks for two hours at the Market Cross, Morpeth, by order of Mr. Thomas Gait, and Mr. George Nicholls, then Bailiffs, for scandalous and opprobrious language to several persons in town, as well as to said Bailiffs."

For the drawing from which the accompanying engraving is made, I am indebted to B. Woodman, Esq., the Town Clerk of Morpeth. This example of brank has not before been engraved. The illustrations show the brank in its proper form, and opened so as to receive the head of the delinquent.

At LUDLOW a very remarkable and indeed unique instrument of torture, allied to the brank, is preserved. An account of this example, by Mr. Way, with an engraving, appeared in the *Archæological Journal*, from which we make the following quotation in the words of

Mr. Bernhard Smith as communicated to Mr. Way:—

"I think you will find these iron head-pieces to belong to a class of engines of far more formidable character than branks. Their powerful screwing apparatus seems calculated to force the iron mask with torturing effect upon the brow of the victim. There are no eye-holes, but concavities in their places, as though to allow for the starting of the eye-balls under violent pressure. There is a strong bar with a square hole, evidently intended to fasten the criminal against a wall, or perhaps to the pillory; for I have heard it said these instruments were used to keep the head steady during the infliction of branding. Another cruel engine in the Ludlow Museum, appears to have been intended to dislocate the arm, and to cramp or crush the fingers at the same time. It is so much mutilated as to render its mode of application very difficult to make out."



men and others, and is probably of the date of Henry VII.'s reign,

The Worcester Corporation accounts contain several allusions to the use of the Brank and the Gumm stool, or Ducking stool "for scoulds," to which I shall have occasion again to allude. One of these entries is:—

"1658.—Paid for mending the bridle for bridling of scoulds, and two cords for the same. js. ijd."

At WORCESTER is a somewhat similar specimen, which has been described by Mr. Noake in his "Worcester in the Olden Time," and is thus also described in Mr. Stanley's "Worcester Guide,"—a work far superior to most of its class:—

"On the wall of the Guildhall is hung an ancient instrument of punishment, somewhat like a helmet. The head was inserted in the helmet; and the visor, being connected with two upright toothed rods, was drawn up or down by means of a key winding up the end of a third rod which passes horizontally across the top of the helmet, and which rod is furnished with cogs at the end, to fit into the teeth of the perpendicular rods. The visor was thus drawn up tightly, so as to completely darken the eyes and shut the mouth, while a slit in the visor admits of the protrusion of the nose. This is supposed to be a 'brank'—an instrument for punishing scolding wo-



is so effectually compressed, that the most loquacious scold is rendered unintelligible. Above this rises an arched plate, which serves as an opening for the nose, and extends over the forehead, joined by another hinged band, which terminates in a fastening at the back of the neck, where a small chain adapts the "Bridle" to the size of the occipital portion of the head."

If I were not fearful of being termed ungallant, I should be tempted to offer a fresh derivation for the name of this ancient town. *Shrewsbury*, or the town of *Shrews*, is a fit place to preserve as a relic of its derivation, a bridle of this kind ! It may have been used for the "taming of the Shrews," and bringing the ladies of *Shrewsbury* to their present quiet and happy state !

At BOLTON-LE-MOORS even, within memory, a bridle was used as a punishment for prostitutes. The bridle was fixed in their mouths and tied at the back of their heads with gay ribbands, and thus the frail ones were paraded from the Cross to the Church-steps and back again, by the parish beadle. In the same county, examples are known at HOLME, and at WARRINGTON, where a remarkably fine specimen was formerly in the possession of Dr. Kendrick, who presented it to Mr. Mayer, in whose Museum it is still preserved. It is erroneously stated

in Mr. Brushfield's paper to have been formerly in Knutsford Gaol. At MANCHESTER, too, one has been in use until late years. For a sketch of this I am indebted to Mr. T. N. Brushfield, of Chester, and also for the one formerly used in Kendal Workhouse. The Manchester example is of very similar form to the Chesterfield one, and is curious as being wrapped round with coloured ribbands and papers, and having a bunch of ribbands at the top.

The KENDAL brank is curious as having two hoops, the lower one joining the nose-piece, and passing round the cheeks, while





being a plain flat piece of iron. It is said that the instrument was used on an incorrigible virago within forty years, and that as she refused to walk through the streets, she was placed in a barrow and *wheeled* through the town.

At MACCLESFIELD, one is preserved in the Town Hall, where it hangs surrounded by other implements of a similar character. It has a single hoop and band; the plate is turned down at the end, and the chain is fastened behind. It, too, has been used "within memory," and the authorities are still supposed to possess the power of ordering its infliction. In the inventory of articles delivered to Sir Uriah Legh, on his election as Mayor, in 1623, this brank is described as "a brydle for a curste queane."

At CONGLETON, a similar one is preserved in the Town Hall. In the Corporation accounts is the following mention of it:—

"Oct. 6, 1662. Matthew Lowndes, sworn gaol-keeper, and a list of the mace, Bridle for Scolding Women, Bolts, Locks, and Manacles, given to him."

It appears to have been used as late as 1824, and the following curious account is given in the paper to which we have referred:—

"It was formerly in the hands of the Town Jailer, whose services were not unfrequently called into requisition. In the old-fashioned, half-timbered houses in the Borough, there was generally fixed on one side of the large open fire-places a hook; so that when a man's wife indulged her scolding propensities, the husband sent for the Town Jailer to bring the Bridle, and had her bridled and chained to the hook until she promised to behave herself better for the future. I have seen one of these hooks, and have often heard husbands say to their wives, 'If you don't rest with your tongue, I'll send for the Bridle, and hook you up.' The Mayor and Justices frequently called the instrument into use, for when women have been brought before them charged with street brawling, and insulting the constables and others while in the discharge of their duty, they have ordered them to be bridled, and led through the borough by the Jailer. The last time this bridle was publicly used was A.D., 1824, when a woman was brought before the Mayor (Bulkeley Johnson, Esq.) and Magistrates, one Monday, charged with scolding and using harsh language to the Churchwardens and Constables as they went, on the Sunday morning, round the town, to see that all the public-houses were empty and closed during Divine Service. On the examination, a Mr.

the knife, or plate, is a continuation of the nose-piece bent inwards.

Of the following Cheshire examples, an excellent account has been given by Mr. Brushfield, in a paper read by him before the Historic Society of Chester, and printed in its transactions. At ALTRINCHAM, the brank is a rudely constructed hoop and band, fastening with a loop and ring behind; the gag



Richard Edwards stated on oath 'that on going round the town with the Churchwardens on the previous day, they met the woman (Ann Runcorn) in a place near 'The Cockshoot'; and that immediately on seeing them, she commenced a sally of abuse, calling them all the scoundrels and rogues she could lay her tongue to; and telling them 'it would look better of them if they would look after their own houses, rather than go looking after other folks', which were far better than their own.' After other abuse of a like character, they thought it only right to apprehend her, and so brought her before the bench on the following day. The Mayor then delivered the following sentence:—'That it is the unanimous decision of the Mayor and Justices that the prisoner (Ann Runcorn) there and then have the Town's Bridle for Scolding Women put upon her, and that she be led by the Magistrates' Clerk's clerk through every street in the town, as an example to all scolding women; and that the Mayor and Magistrates were much obliged to the Churchwardens for bringing the case before them.' "In this case," Mr. Warrington adds, "I both heard the evidence and saw the decision carried out. The Bridle was put on the woman, and she was then led through the town by one Prosper Haslam, the Town Clerk's clerk, accompanied by hundreds of the inhabitants; and on her return to the Town Hall the Bridle was taken off in the presence of the Mayor, Magistrates, Constables, Churchwardens, and assembled inhabitants."

In the Warrington Museum, the brank formerly used at CARRINGTON is preserved. It is a very heavy and cumbrous instrument, furnished with four rings, probably for the purpose of tying it to the shoulders, and the gag is a fan-shaped one. The one in Mr. Mayer's Museum is a remarkably fine specimen, consisting of a hoop with a band, open at front for the nose, and the crown of the head is decorated with a cross, with two side pieces to fit against the head, and hold the brank *in situ*.

At STOCKPORT, one is preserved which is perfectly unique both in form and in cruelty—in the latter particular approaching pretty closely to the Witches Bridle, before described (page 69 ante). "It is of very light construction, differing in this respect from all the other instances enumerated; the ascending nasal band terminates at the crown, and is strengthened by two lateral ones. The extraordinary part of the instrument, however, is the *gag*, which commences flat at the hoop and terminates in a bulbous extremity, which is covered with *iron pins*, nine in number, there being three on the upper surface, three on the lower, and three pointing backwards; and it is scarcely possible to affix it in its destined position without wounding the tongue. To make matters still worse, the chain (which yet remains attached, and, together with a leathern thong added to lengthen it, measures two feet) is connected to the hoop at the fore part, as if to *pull* the wearer of the Bridle along on her unwilling tour of the streets; for it is very apparent that any motion of the gag must have lacerated the mouth very severely."



There was formerly another brank at the Workhouse at Stockport, which was sold as old iron.

In the city of CHESTER, itself, are no less than four examples at the present day. One of these is in the possession of Mr. Noyes, another is at the House of Industry, a third is in the City Gaol, where are also a curious pair of torture gloves, and the fourth is in the Water Tower Museum. It is worthy of remark that the knives of all these are rasped, or roughed up into points, two of them being also similarly formed on the edges, so that they must have been extremely painful. Drayton, speaking of the Cheshire people, says, "they of all England do to ancient customs most cleave;" and it would seem from the memorandums of the great number of branks still remaining, and from the foregoing instances of the late use of them, that this character is a pretty correct one.

My late friend, Mr. Carrington, to whom allusion has been made, relates that at a time when a Brank was exhibited at a temporary Museum, its singular form attracted the attention of some ladies who were present. He asked them if they knew what it was, when one of them replied, "I suppose it is to be put on the nose of vicious horses, who are addicted to biting;" and, he adds, he was obliged to explain the ungallant reality!



*How old Mary Curty's
tongue was branked for
Shandlo.*

undoubtedly *had* their good, but which also at the same time had their evil, to an extent which we should be sorry to see again prevailing.

In a future paper I shall have something to say upon Ducking Stools, and other punishments, and shall be glad to receive notes on existing, or extinct, examples, from my readers.

Much more might be written about Branks, but perhaps enough has been said to show the mode of use of the fiendish instruments of which the Chesterfield example is one of the most harmless varieties. I cannot, however, resist the temptation, before closing this paper, of reproducing from "Current Notes" a representation, showing "How Oulde Mary Curty's tongue was branked for skandole," at YARMOUTH, sometime in the seventeenth century.

There is no doubt that much absolute injustice, much wanton cruelty, and much unmerited and undeserved punishment was inflicted by the use of the Brank, in those days which we call the "good old times,"—days which

THE LOVE STEPS OF DOROTHY VERNON.

From Pedigrees in the Harleian MSS. and in Nichols' History of Leicestershire.

BY ELIZA METEYARD (SILVERPEN).

Authoress of "Mainstone's Housekeeper," "Lilian's Golden Hours;" the "Doctor's Little Daughter," etc., etc., etc.

THREE centuries are nearly past and gone, three hundred gilded summers have waned into russet autumns—and autumns brought their winters rough and cold—and yet no drear oblivion has fallen on a sweet old story: it is as new as though of yesterday, and hallows Haddon Hall.

On the left side of the flagged hall or passage which leads from the lower to the upper court of Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, and directly opposite the screen which separates it from the banqueting hall, are four large doorways with high pointed arches. The first of these, still retaining its massive oaken door, has clearly been the pantler's room, as the little shutter within the door still shows that through this were doled the different sorts of bread then in use; the next leads by a dark, descending passage to the still finely preserved baronial kitchen; the third into a sort of vintry or wine room; and the fourth, with an iron gilded door, opens up to a great steep staircase, quite distinct from the grand staircase of the house, on to a large landing, still containing a huge linen press or cupboard of very rude workmanship, and from thence to the right to a wilderness of chambers, more remarkable for their extraordinary number, than for size or ventilation; whilst to the left and front of this landing lie two chambers possessing much interest. The one the old nursery of the "proud" Vernons and the belted Manners; and the other the reputed bed-chamber of her who, blending the royal *or* of the boar's head with the blazonry of the peacock, brought such a regal dowry to grace the Earldom of Rutland.

According to the authority of Camden, for the varied dates given in these pedigrees are difficult to reconcile, it was somewhere late in the autumn of one of the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or between 1558 and 1564, or 1567, that preparations were begun already to be made for the hospitality of Christmas-tide, for before its holy days were passed, Margaret Vernon, the elder daughter, and co-heiress of Sir George Vernon, of Haddon, was to be married with much pomp and ceremony in the chapel of the ancient hall, to Sir Thomas Stanley, a younger son of the ducal and royal house of Derby.

More than the usual number of steers were fatting in the stalls to supply the huge salting trough; the rustic water mills of Nether and Upper Haddon already turned their dripping wheels solely in the "lord's service;" orders were already out in twelve of the twenty-eight Derbyshire manors, for a fair supply of venison by St. Thomas's day; two wains had already toiled across the moorlands from Derby laden with condiments and spices for the confectioner and cooks; and scouts were already outlying on the wilderness of the East Moors, for the better preservation of black-cock and ptarmigan for the "lord's table."

It was on an evening in this late, yet fair and sweet season, that a young girl crossed the banqueting hall from the "lord's parlour," and ascending the staircase we have already spoken of, entered the low tapestried chamber which faced the landing. A fire of wood burnt cheerfully on the wide old hearth, and its light flickered up and down the many-coloured tapestry; but though the hour was close upon that for retiring to rest, the young girl neither called her tire-woman, nor summoned other assistance, but crouching down upon a stool beside the iron fire-dogs, buried her face in her hands upon her knees, and sat a long while in silence. At length aroused by the sound of her tire-woman's voice in an adjoining room, and the heavy closing of doors in the courts below, she summoned Jean, and after making her unpin her stomacher, her hanging sleeves, and remove the kerchief from her flowing hair, lay fresh fuel on the dogs, and set the night lamp on the silken toilet cover, she dismissed her for the night, and then slipping on a sort of loose nightgown of Tournay velvet, stole from the room and sought with gentle foot the ancient nursery. Though no tiny feet pattered now up and down its oaken floor, though no little new-born limbs were cherished by its glowing hearth, though no little faces peered with curious gaze through the diamond-paned casements into the lower court below, all the signs of its olden use were still preserved; and the go-carts, the rocking-chairs, the canvas-lined cradles, and the pewter pap-boats, with a world of curious toys, showed that some ancient crone venerated and preserved the insignia of her office. And this did Luce, the nurse, for her young "madam's" weaning-days, and teething-days, and birth-days, were, with the addition of Candlemas and Christmas, the white days of her calendar.

A pewter cup of "lamb's wool," furnished nightly by the vintner at my "lord's request," stood with its creamy top on the hearth, whilst Luce sat drowsily beside it as the young girl entered, and moving to-and-fro in the old rocking-chair, was mumbling over some reckoning appertaining to her ancient service.

"I was reckoning how many weeks to thy birth-night, Mistress Doll—and how many nights to Mistress Margery's wedding, for—"

But here she stopped with consternation and alarm, for the young girl had already knelt beside her, and now with buried face upon the nurse's lap was weeping.

"Why lady, sweet-heart, child, nest-bird," spoke Luce, thus running over her nursery alphabet, "what is the matter. Has my lady been cross, or made thee call her madam with a double curtsey, or Nance not yellow starched thy double ruffles trimly; eh—be quick, my lamb—"

"Oh! Luce, it's *he*, it is John, it is Master Manners come again. My lord has been holding talk in the hall with Will Shaw of Upper Haddon, so that I know he's come again, so round to a hair was his description."

"Cheer up, sweet lady-bird," spoke Luce, just sipping as she did so her nightly cup, "the true hawk never tires when on wing for his quarry; though now I bethink me well, Tom Dawes said something liken this when I fetched my sippets from the bakery this evening, and that some

knavelings who could no longer steal my Lord of Leicester's venison in Charnwood, for the hue and cry was loud upon them, had crossed the moors to fly a shaft in Haddon. But I could tell thee feately, pretty one, for Tom Dawes an by this time stirred barm into the morning's dough, and would tell me across the bakery hatch, where the hind sleeps that came in from the moors with Will. Perhaps there is a love token, pretty one, for love is not nice to messengers."

"Go, go, go," was repeated twenty times before the ancient nurse had ended, "and I will wait thee here. Be quick—by blessed St. Agnes, be quick, the minutes will be hours, and time the slowest clock till thy return."

So saying, Dorothy Vernon crouched down in the low chair, from which the ancient nurse now uprose, to put on her "sad wimple," lest my "lady's eye might spy her" from her chamber casement; for this second wife of Sir George Vernon, the Lady Maude, kept strict watch over her household.

Bidding her "bird be still," as she drew aside the tapestry, and opened as softly as she could the rough hewn door, the ancient nurse crept down the staircase to the wide passage by the hall-screen. Here she encountered the grave chamberlain, in his furred doublet and woollen cap, going round, on his nightly duty, with a massive bunch of keys strung on his girdle-hook. But Luce had a ready wit.

"I want to say a word," she said, "across the bakery hatch, by thy leave, master chamberlain, if thou wilt have courtesy to draw the bolts and turn the key."

"Over late, over late, mistress nurse; and my lady's orders be strict concerning bolt and bar after the night meal."

"Gramercy, ay, well-a-day," replied Luce; "when my lady comes to count as many Lenten-tides as I, she'll fain say a word about softer sippets. Ay, well-a-day, in dame Margery's time no house-bolt in Haddon would have been drawn upon its nursery crone."

The chamberlain had loved the Lady Margery, and he knew that Luce was privileged in many things besides sippets and "lamb's-wool;" so undrawing bolt and bar, he held open the door for the nurse to pass through, bidding her as he did so be back speedily, ere he made his night's last round. Thus in the upper court, Luce crossed to its north side, near King John's Tower, and descending two or three steps, leant over the lower hatch of a rude door, and peered into the huge chamber, used as the bakery. Some of the smouldering embers, swept out before the baking of the last batch of bread, yet twinkled on the hearths of the two huge ovens; whilst in the space between, some long faggots, reared end-wise up the chimney, glowed brightly, and before these sat the head baker and two of his assistants, reckoning up the bakery tallies, and occasionally relieving this abstract work, by inroads, on the contents of a black-jack of "one-month's" beer. Luce called Tom Dawes, who quickly came; and then there was much whispering of a confidential kind. Then, as a cover to what they had talked of, lest the chamberlain might be near, the baker said loudly, "Ay, dame, it's well thou reminst me, for between my knaves heating the oven o'er fiercely, and my forgetting that the brood hen

can lose a feather, thy sippets have been over crisp, but they shall be as soft as a full-ripe plum. Now let me guide thy steps." So saying, Tom unlatched the hatch, and coming forth, took the nurse's arm; but as soon as they were in the shadow thrown from this northern angle of the court, he pushed open a half-latched door and went in, where, on straw, and with no better covering than a sort of horse-rug, some ten or twelve of the lower menials had already lain down for the night. After stooping and examining the faces of several, the baker at last shook one who heavily slept, and whose unkempt hair and half-savage features bespoke a man from the hills. But after some few minutes had dissipated his soddened drowsiness, he answered the questioner, leaning over him, briefly to the purpose, and then turned his head round to sleep, leaving Dawes to hurry to the nurse in the shadow of the buttress, and there to whisper "Yea, 'tis master Manners, and the hawk will fly round Haddon three hours after curfew."

"By St. Agnes, then, Master Manners loveth rarely, and the young bird's heart will flutter; but there be Smith, the chamberlain." So saying, the nurse bid her friend be secret, and hurrying to the ponderous doorway, gained the staircase just as the chamberlain passed into the passage by the hall-screen from the nether court.

"Oh! what a while, oh! what a while," spoke Dorothy trembling, and a-cold, as she stood by the tapestry of the doorway, and caught the nurse's hand. "What news, Luce, of Master Manners? Quick, oh quick! You are so slow of tongue—be quick, be quick."

"The hawk will fly round Haddon three hours past curfew," spoke the crone, with a smile.

"Ay! well! now!" spoke the girl, half incoherently; "it's late, it's cold, it's time you were a-rest, Luce. I must to my chamber. I—I—"

"But oh! be careful of the creaking casement, lady-bird," half wept the nurse, as she fondled her darling's hands; Dame Maude is so watchful, and my Lord so wrathful against all that be of her Highness's religion. Sweet heart, sweet heart, take heed."

But no other answer than a half-kiss on the beldam's hands, and Dorothy was gone.

A woman's first thought is to dress for her lover, and this was so with Dorothy Vernon; but when she looked into the ebon mirror, and saw that the loose gown of Tournay did sit so winsomely, when her beautiful fair hair fell down and looked so richly without pin or coif, even *she* was satisfied, and unwilling to unset the setting of her beauty. She therefore blew out the flickering lamp-flame, and dropping one of the faggots by the door, so as to grate the floor and warn her if opened, she went into a sort of little oriel, or closet, lighted by a very large three-sided casement, set in one of the gables of the northern front of Haddon Hall.

The night was lighted by the richest moon, which glimmered over trees and fern, and sloping bank of sward; for here the banks close in upon the Hall, and the off-skirts of the braken clothes them. As the night-clouds crept across the edges of the moon, and lengthened out the shadows of the trees, her watching gaze fell more intently still, her ear

grew quicker than a hiding fawn's, and her heart beat to-and-fro as a hurried larum bell.

At last, from the lengthened shadow of a bosky elm, a man stole forth to view ; in years far older than her he wooed, and habited in no courtly or gallant's dress, but in the common rough hose and jerkin of a forester. But scarcely had he bared his head, or gazed once upon the beautiful, though half-hand-veiled, face of the girl, before the noise of quickly opened doors, and the glimmer of an approaching light along the corridor, met his quick ear and sight, and so risking all for the instant, he said loudly, "to morrow at seven of the clock, by the third elm of the avenue," and then waving his hand, plunged back into the braken of the Park. Dorothy knew by this that there was approaching danger ; so hardly had she hurried to her chamber, closed the door between that and her closet, put on her night coif over her hair, and lain down in bed, before the chamber door was opened, and Dame Maude, her step-mother, came in, and up to the hanging-curtains of the bed.

"What, not a-bed," she asked.

"Yes, Madam," replied Dorothy, as calmly as she was able.

"But why are open casements ; I know there is such by the draught, and why a fastened door ?"

"Joan is somewhat careless, Madam," replied Dorothy, crouching down into the bed, in order to hide the day-dress she still wore.

But the vigilant dame would not be satisfied till she had stepped into the half-oriel, half-closet, and closed the casement, and returning, examined whether that which had slightly obstructed her hasty entry at the door was really so harmless a thing as a brand-faggot. Thus far satisfied, she once more opened the curtain, and saying, with the severity of an Abbess, "I shalt expect thee, Mistress Dorothy, by eight of the morning clock to three hours of tenter-stitch, and an hour to the virginal, in my lady's parlour," departed with a stately step.

But there was one more humane and more motherly, whose breast had fed her and whose heart well loved her, who soon stole in to hear the sweet confession of her "lady-bird," to administer some soothing drink she bore with her in a taper drinking-glass, and to croon and nestle to her rest the young and gentle beauty ; still yet, and yet for aye, a nursing to her heart !

The morrow's tunes upon the virginal were strummed, the stitch-work done ; and now the last and brightest of October's suns descended on the terraces of Haddon Hall, and trailed its golden length across the moors.

The horn for supper was not yet blown, though it was nigh unto seven ; but all were safe, as Dorothy Vernon stole up the terrace steps, for Sir George was snugly closeted with a Franciscan, who bore a mission from the Earl of Derby ; my lady was superintending the distillation of some infallible cosmetic ; and Margaret, the prouder beauty than sweet Doll, was reading, by the light of her own chamber hearth, Sir Thomas Stanley's new-come letter.

Within the shadow of the third elm was he who loved her, and Dorothy no sooner stood there than Master Manners took her hand,

and drew her out of the lingering strips of sunlight into the shadows of the trees, and here he urged his suit, and bid her flee with him.

" You know my Lord will never yield his fair word for our troth, my lady sweet, for he holds too ill her Highness's laws against Papists to brook for a son one who is at favour at her court. Nay, listen,—the peacock and the boar are proud and lordly, lady-heart, but their blood will mingle gently."

" Nay, Master Manners, I love thee, and am a-cold' at the risk thou runnest ; but—but—my Lord is somewhat—old—and when Meg be gone across the Irish Sea to Man, with brave Sir Thomas Stanley, he would miss his Doll, at hawking, and on the virginal, and up and down the broad walk of his bowling-green."

Perhaps Master Manners would not have, even now, pleaded in vain, but the horn sounded for supper, and lights glided to-and-fro along the western and southern fronts of Haddon, so a hasty farewell had to be made ; but not before sweet Doll had half consented to think of what Master Manners had spoken.

But the lovers,—even with the secret help of Luce, and missives sent more than once by the connivance of Tom Dawes, who loved not over well my Lady Maude, for finding fault with his manchet bread,—were unlucky, partly because Sir George had heard, from more than one verderer, that the gossip about outlaws was a mere feint of some Manners, or some Eyre, or some Foljambe, who wanted to sprite away the beauty and the gold of his youngest and his sweetest heiress. So strictly guarded by Lady Maude, Dorothy Vernon for days heard little of her lover, or but few of his sweet words, except the moon was dull, and her casement-springet not rusty with the winter's rain.

But the web that was thought to keep the bird, was the one which moved it to flee ; for worn by the harsh custody of her step-mother, the haughty airs of proud Margaret, and won by the perils of Master Manners, lurking for her sake with the coarse hinds of the forests round, her heart had now well consented before this St. Thomas's eve, when she contrived, accompanied by Luce, to meet Master Manners on the shadowy terrace of the ancient bowling-green. It was a still and lonesome spot now in winter time, and yet not unfitted to the epithalamium, or nuptial song of two wedded hearts ; for the moonlight fell upon the twisted roots of the dark and hoary trees, so that they seemed to vein the earth with silver cords.

Fiercely, more resolute, more determined, he took the young maid's hands. She wept at his fierceness, at his wild strange manner ; so much so, that Luce drew nigh.

" Gramercy, Master Manners, recollect that when thou askest a maid to be a wife, thou askest a drooping violet o' th' spring to turn a full face to th' sun. Nay ! Master Manners, be gentle with my lady-bird, for her cradle is not old, and her swathing bands yet sweet i' th' lavender of her first baby flower month."

" But I do not ask her to be the mate of a churl ; the peacock can show as many blazons as the boar, and as I've sworn to thee once by the Holy Rood, the knight's sore chafing will soon calm down when he learneth that his wail is bootless, and that the mingled current can

run smoothly. Yet, Mistress Doll must say the yea or nay ; for I've lived in these savage woods from Michaelmas to now St. Thomas's day, on the chance of being struck down with a shaft-yard, like a sleepy raven on the umbles of a deer, so if Mistress Doll will not say yea, I go ; the peacock must not trail his last plume in the dust."

But man never won woman by a threat, much more a haughty Vernon, proud of Norman blood ; and so Dorothy looked up proudly, though her eyes were blind with tears, for she was true to this touch of nature in her sex. But when she saw Master Manners, proud and haughty too, move with a quickened step to the shadow of the braken, all that was pure, and true, and human in her woman's love, made her half fly forward, like a lapwing to its hidden nest, and clasping Master Manners by the arm, cry "I will, I will, will."

All was now said ; and like the lion and the lamb couchant side by side, the PEACOCK and the BOAR blazoned their arms in one. So clasping her to his heart, there she rested, whilst he, the loving gallant, prayed out a fraction of his love, and partly whispered to the beldam his plan of flight. But this must be an after thing, for time was passing quickly ; so when he had willed that they should fly the night of Margaret Vernon and Sir Thomas Stanley's wedding, he embraced his happy mistress once and once again, and suffered her to descend with Luce the downward pathway to the hall. And here they luckily entered beneath the northern tower into the upper court, in the wake of some horsemen riding in ; and favoured by the shadows of the walls, and the turmoil and hurry and preparations going on, Dorothy and Luce gained the nursery, where safe the youngest of the Vernons listened to the beldam's repetition of Master Manners' words with an untiring and a greedy ear ! So true is it, that loving words can feast without satiety the ear which listens !

Thus the Christmas of this year of Queen Elizabeth wore on with such wonderful hospitality of open house, in hall, in buttery, and in my "lord's chamber," as to be noised abroad by travellers over many an English shire. Seven score retainers sat in hall each day, two hundred guests feasted at my lord's table, and their five-score retainers in the hall and buttery with the rest ; and the multitude that came and went, tasted ale and pasty and chine, at will, whilst a dole of mighty fragments was served daily at the gate.

And now was come the day of Margaret's wedding, to be solemnized that eve in the chapel of the Vernons, with as much nearness to the Popish ritual as her Highness's penal acts against Catholics would permit.

After the long-protracted dinner-hour of noon, Dorothy repaired to Margaret's chamber, where the tire-women, some half score in number, had already commenced their office ; for before a large oval mirror, sent as a present by the Earl of Derby, sat the proud beauty, whilst around was strewn a world of fashionable gear.

" Well Doll, well chit, well child," spoke the beauty, with a malice prepense that ill suited the hour, " thou wouldst like to be a bride, eh ? thou wouldst like the minstrels in hall to troll thy nuptial song ? thou wouldst like to give garters and scarfs pricked with the boar's

head, and have back the marriage presents ; but nay, thou art such a callow fledgeling Doll, that it be well I leave thee to old silly Luce's toy-strings, to Madam's virginal, and my Lord's walk."

" Nay, Meg, be not o'er saucy and o'er proud," pleaded Dorothy, hiding her tremulous hands with the laced kerchief she had just lifted up.

" I laugh, but do not chide. Laugh, that gallants should play the numming of an outlaw, when my lady designs thee to strum at prick-song, instead of holding a bridal posy. La ! to make thee hold thy quavers, instead of a Christmas rose." And as she laughed, the beauty took up a sprig of white flowered hellebore, which blows at Christmas, from off the garnished toilet.

But when she saw Doll's tears, Meg relented, and bidding one of the tire-women open a cabinet drawer, bring forth two veils of Flanders point, alike, and very costly, which, when they came to hand, Meg separated, and drawing Doll towards her, threw one around her face.

" Nay, see," she said, relenting in her raillery, " I mean but this, that thou wearest this on thy bridal Doll, for though Madam bid the chapman bring but one, in her order for London mercy, I bid him secretly bring two, even if my own lord pays for it. Now, one thank, my pretty one, then hie thee to thy chamber, and mind, if Joan doth not her office well, I'll rate the wench soundly."

And now Doll's tears flowed fleet and fast, for her heart reproached her ; yet still beyond all other things was Master Manners to her. But this relenting on the part of Meg changed Dorothy's resolve to flee without a word ; so now ascending to the nursery, or rather to the turret closet just beyond it, where Luce was secretly packing a small mail for her mistress's use, she charged her with a message to the bride, praying her to soften the old man's wrath with gentle speech, and to tell him that Master Manners was no churl, but of the house of Rutland.

So the day wore on, so evening came, and the long train of gallants and ladies went forth across the nether court, strewed with carpets, to the chapel, where by Popish ritual, barely concealed, the nuptial knot was tied, and the elder co-heiress of the Vernons became a daughter of the Stanleys. And now the minstrels played, and the steward clad in a robe, and adorned with a gilt chain, bore in, with the flourish of trumpets, the huge boar's head ; so huge, that the wildest forest of the northern shires could alone produce its like. And when this feasting was over in my " Lord's chamber " and the hall, the latter was cleared of benches and tressel-boards, and chairs of state set for the high company on the dais ; which, when assembled, the bride and bridegroom gave garters and scarfs, embroidered with the devices of their respective houses ; and then it came to the guests' turn to give marriage presents, and costly ones they were, of divers kinds.

Thus the time wore on, till it was an hour beyond the curfew's toll ; and the younger guests began to give the presents.

" And might I hie me to my chamber, Madam ?" asked Dorothy, standing up reverently before Dame Maude's chair of state.

"Sit thee still, the menials can wait."

"Nay, do not over chide, my lady," said Sir George, drawing his beautiful daughter towards him with a loving caress. "Doll must not be an over-mewed hawk, now she'll be her dad's sole comfort. So hie thee, my pretty, to hall or bower, or where thou wilt—only come back again, for thy sweet face is my jewel."

Doll stooped and kissed the old man, for the merry junkettings amused the other guests, and then hurried across the hall, up the staircase into the nursery. Here, as it was the hour, and the signal already given to Luce that all was ready, Dorothy Vernon hastily changed her dress for one of coarse materials and sad colour, and hiding the veil in her bosom, and accompanied by Luce, bearing the mail, she tremblingly crept through corridor and chamber, by the northern tower to the west front, and at last reached safely the garden parlour. And now, withdrawing bolt and bar, she kissed the weeping beldam; and like a frightened bird upon the wing, made eleven small



prints upon the eleven stone steps, light as snow upon a flower, as dew upon a rose, and the prize was caught as a leaflet by the wintry wind, and borne away!

So then, as yet for aye, those little tiny steps were graven and set down ; like iron in a rock, like a mountain on the land, like an ocean on the earth, for Time can be no victor over Human Love ! And so the shadows and the sunlight fall, the winter winds roar round, the sere leaves drop, the damp and moulder linger, and the lichens grow, but yet the sweet tradition hallows Haddon Hall.

The fugitives rode through forest and over moorland that night and next day ; and the day following that were married at Ayleston, a village two miles from Leicester, and in Leicester forest. The feud consequent on Dorothy's elopement was of no long continuance, for at Sir George Vernon's death in the 7th of Queen Elizabeth, Dorothy Manners was seized with twenty-six manors ; amongst others Upper and Lower Haddon in Derbyshire. She died in 1584, and is buried at Bakewell, and her husband, Sir John Manners (knighted at Worksop, by James I., in 1603,) in 1611, leaving issue three sons and a daughter, from the eldest of whom, Sir George Manners, the ducal house of Rutland inherits Haddon Hall.

“ TO HARRIE.”

By the Author of “The Enthusiast,” “Excelsior,” “The Three Palaces,” etc., etc.

Ah, eyes ! dear soulful eyes !
Twin lakes of mystery ! glasing starry fancies !
The heart o'erflows beneath these moonlight glances,
Ye thrice-blest mysteries !

Ah, eyes ! dear soulful eyes !
Ye gleaming pathways to the soul immortal !
I gaze, and all forget that Eden's portal
Hath shut out Paradise.

Ah, eyes ! dear soulful eyes !
Come, gaze through all the labyrinths of my heart,
Gaze on for ever, ne'er oh ! ne'er depart ;
Life-giving mysteries !

Ah, eyes ! dear soulful eyes !
Dear dark-fringed porches to the palace lowly,
Where Tenderness fits weaving calm and holy,
Her faintly histories.

Ah, eyes ! dear soulful eyes !
In blisful sheen shine on and gleam for ever :
Oh ! may that light of soul forsake them never,
Heaven-picturing mysteries !

Derby, July, 1860.

JAMES ORTON.

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Stenocion, British Columbia, old K. B. G. sketch.

RUINS OF FULWOODS CASTLE
Middleton, B.C.

CHRISTOPHER FULWOOD, THE ROYALIST.

AN EPISODE OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

BY THOMAS BATEMAN, ESQ.

Author of the "Vestiges of the Antiquities of Derbyshire," etc., etc., etc.

PROBABLY most villages in the country have been the scene of occurrences connecting them, more or less directly, with many of the political struggles recorded in our national history ; but it seldom happens that any very distinct recollection of the attendant circumstances, linking their local fortunes with such events, has survived to recent times amongst the impulsive population of rural districts, unless the influence of some well-known name, the memory of a great battle, or of some unusually mournful incident happening on the spot, has so deeply moved the popular spirit as to cause the narrative of the event to be transmitted from generation to generation, with undeviating fidelity. This is especially the case where a ruin, or some other object connected with the subject of the tradition, exists to stimulate inquiry ; and in places at a distance from the actual scene of conflict, or secluded from the route of the contending armies, where we may expect to find the story of the rise or fall of historical personages overborne by the more absorbing tale of the deeds and fortunes of local partisans. The legend of Fulwood is an example of this. His loyalty and his misfortunes seem to have excited in his own day a genuine sympathy for his fate, and have undoubtedly been the occasion of transmitting his fame to the present time in the neighbourhood in which he resided, and more particularly amongst the inhabitants of the village of which he was owner ; and it is satisfactory to find that the popular traditions concerning him are verified in almost every respect, either by documentary evidence of the most unimpeachable kind, or by the correspondence of ascertained dates, so remarkable as to preclude any fortuitous coincidence. We, therefore, without further remark, present the legend, with entire dependence upon its truthfulness in every particular.

Christopher Fulwood, lord of the manor of Middleton by Youlgrave, in the county of Derby, during the opening years of the disastrous war between Charles I. and the Parliament, was descended from Drago, surnamed Normannus, the Norman lord of Whitley, in the county of Warwick, whose descendant in the fourth generation, Matthew de Whitley, acquired the name of Fulwood from his father Robert, having received the manor of Fulwood, near Tamworth in Staffordshire, from Thurstan de Montford : a branch of the family having settled at Middleton, as tenants under the Cockaynes, about a century before they became purchasers of the manor ; the transfer of which took place on the 5th of October, 1598, the brothers Francis and Thomas Fulwood being the buyers. Tradition says that they were enabled to purchase from the profits of a rich lead mine which they owned in the parish—the vein crosses the road between Youl-

grave and Conksbury, and yet bears the name of "Fulwood's Pipe," pipe in miner's language signifying a mine in which the ore lies in masses loose in the earth, in contradistinction to its being confined in a thin seam between the rocky sides of the vein. The brothers Francis and Thomas did not retain the estate very long, as by sales effected in 1608 and 1621, the manor became wholly vested in their elder brother George (afterwards knighted), by whom a large and substantial residence,—styled in a manuscript written in 1721, when the building was yet standing, an "Embattled House,"—was erected at Middleton as a family seat, and which appears to have been constantly occupied as such until the misfortunes of the family, occasioned by a loyal and unusually active adherence to the cause of Charles I. during the civil wars, compelled them to sell Middleton, and remove from the country. The mansion then fell into decay, and became entirely dilapidated in the course of the next century, when rustic cupidity completed its ruin by removing the building materials for the construction of farm buildings,—a few massy fragments alone remaining to mark the dwelling of the unfortunate Cavalier. But to return.

Sir George Fulwood was eldest son of John Fulwood, of Middleton, yeoman, where he was probably born about 1558. He appears to have been bred to the law, and to have passed the greater part of his life in the practice of it in London, as in 1608 he is styled of Fulwood-street, Holborn.* After his first purchase from his brothers in that year, it is evident that he began to erect the "embattled house," and as soon as convenient came to reside at Middleton, for in 1611 he served the office of Sheriff for Derbyshire, being then styled of Middleton.

On the 11th of December, 1606, he was knighted by James I. at Whitehall; but on what occasion, or for what service, does not appear. He was twice married, and dying in 1624, left children by both wives.

Chr: Fulwood

He was succeeded at Middleton by his eldest son Christopher, who was probably born in London in or about 1590. He, like his father, was bred to the legal profession in Gray's Inn, of which Society he was appointed Autumn Reader in 1628, and Treasurer in 1637.† On the death of his father in 1624, and when disengaged from his professional duties, he resided at Middleton, where his name first appears in that year; and it was probably about this time that he manifested his attachment to the Church by the gift of a "Silver Flaggon" to the sacramental plate at Youlgrave. The circumstance is mentioned in

* Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*. pp 297-9.

† See Dugdale, *ante*.

the very curious book of churchwardens' accounts, preserved in the vestry at Youghal, many extracts from which well deserve publication ; but no date is attached to the notice.

But soon amenities of this description were exchanged for more pressing, and evidently to a man of Fulwood's generous disposition, uncongenial occupations ; for the contest between the King and Parliament, the Church and the Puritan party, was drawing on apace, and ill-advised prosecutions of clergy of the latter section of the Church had sown the seeds of theological hatred, soon to spring up in appalling rankness, even in the remote Peak district. It is, therefore, a strong testimony to the liberal and exalted character of Fulwood, that is afforded by the following extract concerning his administration of justice in a magisterial capacity, by the famous Nonconformist, William Bagshaw, called the "Apostle of the Peak," who thus notices the occasion of his commendation in the curious collection of personal reminiscences entitled " *De Spiritualibus Pecci*. "*

" I well remember, when the lamentable wars in England began, some, who gloried in being the opposers of what they counted Puritanism, hurried him [the Rev. Mr. Mellor, Curate of Taddington] before the sessions at Bakewell [1640], and declaimed against him as a Puritan or Roundhead ; and being put to explain these, such practices as his praying in his family, being for the strict observance of the Lord's day, and against their profanation of it by sports and pastimes. The Justice that was then president, and had the chair,—whom for honour on account of that act of his I will name in the margin,†—though known to be a zealot in the cause of the then King and Conformity, released him, and gave his accusers a sharp reprimand."

The influence inseparable from a character of this description, rendered Fulwood a most suitable agent for enlisting the sympathies of the inhabitants of the district on the side of the King, and as on the actual breaking out of hostilities we find him adhering to the Royal interest with great zeal : we are not surprised to learn from an original letter of Charles I., in the Harleian collection, that he was specially employed to raise the Derbyshire Miners as a life-guard for his Majesty, when the Lord Lieutenant of the County, the Earl of Rutland, declined to appear in the honourable, but hazardous service. This was in 1642, and so energetically did he exert himself, that he was soon at the head of a regiment of 1100 men, who were mustered on Tideswell Moor.‡ This success appears to have alarmed the leaders of the popular party in the neighbourhood, who, according to the local tradition, soon found an opportunity of seizing Mr. Fulwood, whilst at his house, at Middleton. The chief enemy of the King in the district, was Sir John Gell, of Hopton, a well known partisan, whose character is admirably drawn by Mrs. Hutchinson in the life of her husband, the Parliamentary governor

* *De Spiritualibus Pecci*. Notes or Notices concerning the Work of God, and some of those who have been Workers together with God, in the Hundred of the High Peak, in Derbyshire. Svo. 1702. p. 17.

† Mr. Fulwood.

‡ *Violet's Appeal to Caesar*. 4to. 1660.

of Nottingham Castle ; and it was by Sir John's emissaries, that Mr. Fulwood was captured. It is said, that whilst in the house at Middleton, he received notice of the near approach of the hostile detachment, and hastening to conceal himself, fled to the shelter afforded by a fissure, separating an outlying mass of rock from its parent cliff, in the dale of the Bradford, a few hundred yards in the rear of the mansion, but his retreat was too late, his pursuers were close behind, he had been too active in his royal master's service to be lightly forgiven, his influence was too great and dangerous to the popular party, to suffer him to escape with life, and the men were commanded to fire upon the defenceless gentleman, while standing behind the rock. He fell, mortally wounded, but not killed, and in this pitiable state was hurried off by his brutal escort towards Lichfield, a garrison town which had been taken by Gell, on the 5th of March preceding, but which he never reached, death having terminated his sufferings at Calton, in Staffordshire, before half the journey was accomplished. This took place on the 16th of November 1643. The rock is still pointed out at Middleton, and is the subject of the illustration. A level platform of rock, near the house, with a portion of the upper stratum projecting at one side, so as to form a natural seat, and overlooking the beautiful valley in which he was shot, is said to have been a favourite resort, during the brief period of his residence at Middleton before the scourge of civil commotion devastated the land, and involved in ruin, nearly all that was unselfish and noble. Here, it is traditionally related, this generous spirited man used to sit with his two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, for hours, admiring the charming scene, which from that point appears mapped out almost at the feet ; and which includes the rock that was to have afforded him shelter in time of need. But these holy and placid enjoyments were evanescent, a very few summers at most could have been thus spent, 1642 having witnessed the loyal exertions of the father, 1643 being tragically terminated by his murder ; the following year was ushered in by the alienation of the property at Middleton, which had passed out of the hands of the family before the close of the year. Some idea of the desolation of the family may be formed, when we relate the final tradition, that the two ladies having mournfully abandoned their Derbyshire home, sought an asylum among their friends in London, and there, in the neighbourhood distinguished by the name of their family, they lived for a while in poverty, and died leaving no trace.

The mansion at Middleton was of considerable magnitude, it was constructed of the limestone of the neighbourhood, with sandstone dressings and mullioned windows, and from the term "embattled house," and the usual name of "the Castle" now given to the ruins, must have been an edifice of considerable architectural pretensions ; it was provided with a walled garden, or pleasure, and an orchard similarly enclosed, and was approached by a carriage drive, from the village, through an ornamental gateway, the lower portion of which was in existence within the recollection of the writer. The drive was provided with an avenue of trees, which were ruthlessly cut down and sawed upon the spot, in the last century ; the saw-pit is still visible. The house began to be

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FULLWOOD'S ROCK,
BRADFORD DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

demolished about the year 1720, when the materials were used for building a large barn and other out-buildings to the farm, known, from its situation and this appropriation of material, as the Castle farm, the fragments yet standing are represented in the plate. Much having been said of the cellars of the "Castle," some examination of the ruins was made in 1848, when it appeared that none existed below the natural level of the field, where the rock is found almost immediately beneath the turf, but that the basement of the house had been vaulted, which at once accounted for the legend. In the progress of the diggings the ample fireplace of the kitchen was found, and near to it were many fragments of pottery, both plain and marbled, of English and Dutch manufacture, a few knife handles of bone, more or less ornamented, and a brass counter, or Nuremberg jetton, of the commonest type of these well known pieces. Several coins of the 16th and 17th centuries, and other minor objects have been casually turned up in the immediate neighbourhood of the ruin, but it is useless to speculate either as to their ownership, or the circumstances under which they were lost ; it is however likely that two hoards of money discovered, the first at Middleton, in 1770, the other at Youlgrave, in 1827, were hidden by some of Mr. Fulwood's recruits, who following him to the rendezvous on Tideswell Moor, enlisted, and perished in action during the war. The former hoard consisting of a large quantity of the silver coinage of Charles I., had been secreted in the thatch of an old house, since entirely pulled down ; a few pieces only have been preserved. The later trouvaille, was discovered in a small recess in the wall of an old house at Youlgrave, which had been plastered over for concealment. It comprised one gold unit of James I., a gold broad piece of Charles, and silver coins of Edward VI., Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles, from the half-crown to the half-groat ; the value of the whole as bullion being about twenty-five pounds. The latest coin amongst them was a half-crown of Charles, struck at York in 1642 ; the perfect preservation of which, shews that it was minted but a very short time before the collection was immured in its hiding place, and at the same time coincides with the date of Fulwood's unfortunate expedition.



Nothing more remains to be added, save, that we present fac-similes of the autograph signature, and the seal, of Fulwood, whose unselfish loyalty to the throne, and generous devotion to the church, claim our admiration ; whilst his misfortunes, and tragical end, entitle his memory almost as that of a martyr, to the appropriate guardianship of the "Reliquary."

ON THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE HIGH PEAK.

BY WILLIAM BENNETT, ESQ.,

Author of "The Cavalier," "King of the Peak," "Malpas," "Owain Goch," &c.

It is the fashion with practical people, as they call themselves (the non laudatores temporis acti) to stigmatize the reminiscences of ancient times as "the rubbish of past ages;" which they would consign, without remorse, to the Tomb of the Capulets. To them Carmel is a hill; Jerusalem, or Rome, or Constantinople, a town: Marathon, Thermopylae, Pharsalia, Hastings, Agincourt, or Poictiers, grass fields; and Tutbury, Ashby, South Wingfield, and Castleton, mouldy ruins of lime and stone. They have no curiosity about the times when all were instinct with life, and those famous deeds were done in them, which have bound up their names with the history of the world, and clothed them with the magic power to stir the hearts of other men, like the blast of a trumpet. Let me confess that I am not one of such persons. I do not envy them of their disregard of the "auld world." There is a great deal of instruction to be found in the history of old times (apart from any political view of them) and an unfathomable fountain of amusement and delight. In all old countries, such as Britain, France, Italy, Spain, or Germany, you can scarcely behold a scene, which does not reveal the features of some historical, or traditional story, making the place classical, and emblazoning the triumphs, the joys or sorrows of the inhabitants. I do not speak unadvisedly, when I say that even the limited district of the High Peak (within which I reside) is filled with places of obvious or traditional reputation, which are of the greatest interest and importance to the Antiquary. The archaeological remains, in many places, are so well coupled with the names or traditions assigned to them, that they tell their own stories. I have no intention, in the present paper, to touch upon any facts or circumstances of historical record—I wish to confine myself to a description and illustration of those monuments of past ages, which are only scantily illumined by the lays of bards or minstrels, or remain clouded under the dim, religious light of tradition. Doubtless there are many archaeological remains in the Peak district, of which I am ignorant. I shall only, therefore, give notices of those with which I am personally acquainted, for the purpose of contributing some small amount to the "Reliquary's" stock of antiquarian learning. The neighbourhood of Chapel-en-le-Frith is so full of such objects of interest, that I scarcely know where, or how, to begin with them; perhaps, instead of taking them in a course of localities, it will be better to take them in chronological order; because that will shew the progress of the people in civilization. The remains of the Ancient British, and Roman eras, are remarkably abundant and rich. The cairn of a hero still crowns the summit of Chinley Hills (one of the highest ranges in the High Peak), and the little monument of rude stones (monumentum aere perennius) still strikes the traveller's eye, as as it sweeps the horizon many miles distant from the place. Vernacular

corruption has changed the name of the narrow house of the dead, into that of the useful article of the living, a churn, and to this day the mossy pile (nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea) is called Chinley Churn. The name of the occupant (Chynleis), is not in the memorials of the tombs of the warriors, but we may presume that what was sung of another hero, in that beautiful collection, was applicable to him.

"He whose grave is on yonder cliff, his hand was the foe of many; it is Tarw Trin (the Bull of Conflict) mercy be to him."

From the grave of the Briton, one may see at the distance of five miles as the crow flies, across several deep valleys, the remains of one of those forts, or encampments, thrown up by the masters of the world, to bridle the valiant barbarians. This Roman Camp is also on the summit of a mountain, similar in height to the Chinley Hills, and so placed as to command all the Country round for many miles. It lies on the north-western spur of the Comba Moss, a hill separating Buxton from Chapel-en-le-frith, immediately above Bank Hall, in the latter parish. The vallum and fossa are in excellent preservation, the praetorian gate is still open, and the rearward of the camp (now covered with the bent and moss-crop of the moors) was protected by perpendicular and broken rocks, sinking into the deep valley below. In the summer time the position must have been delightful. East and north are Mam Tor, and the giant range of Kinderscout, with its waterfall which may sometimes be seen at a distance of ten miles, rising in a white cloud of spray, or masking with wavy and fitful veil the bold and rocky head of the mountain. Westward are the Chinley Hills, the Dale of Goit, the woods of Taxal, and, close beneath, the lovely valley of the Combs, with its gem of a lake, three quarters of a mile in length, lying like a clear mirror beneath the blue sky. A Roman road, (considerable parts of which remain) ran from the camp, eastwardly, down which the stately march of the Roman Infantry was, no doubt, often watched, with eyes of hatred and vengeance, by the brave, though less disciplined Coritani, from the primeval forest, which then covered the valley, where Chapel-en-le-frith now stands. Here, fronting the valley, on the rocks which formed the northern boundary of the camp, the Roman sentinel, in the still moonlight of summer, measured his round of duty, and kept an attentive ear to the direction from which their Eagle's-nest might most easily be assailed by the foe; or the young Roman Knight lay basking in the sun, watching, with roving eyes, the Eagle's flight (not altogether unknown in the Peak in our own day), or meditated the flight of another Eagle (old Pindar) whose Olympia raised him among the Gods. Perhaps he read the soft measures of the hapless Sappho, and turned her sparkling Greek into much better Latin, than I can render into English.

If Jove would give a Queen to flowers,
Then Jove that Queen would make the Rose;
And why? Because, within the bowers,
Of Arcady, she fairest blows:
Star of the earth, and gem of grace,
The floral eye, the garden's pride,
Resplendent beauty, whose sweet face
Glowes with the blushes of a bride.

Fair friend of Venus, decked with all
 The beauteous foliage of the spring,
 Thy bending branches softly fall,
 And odours to the Goddess fling.
 Odours, by laughing Zephyrs borne,
 Odours, that sigh and breathe of love;
 Ambrosia to the ocean born;
 And nectar to Olympian Jove.

Fifteen hundred years have passed away since that encampment was abandoned, and the war cry of "Hostis adest Evax," replaced by the cry of the Curlew, and the chatter of the red Grouse. The Britons, corrupted by the refined sensuality of their conquerors, became enervated, and incapable of defending themselves against the hardy and more barbarous Saxon, and retired from the hills and valleys of Derbyshire, into the still wilder, and more inaccessible fastnesses of North Wales; leaving monuments however of their occupation, in the name of almost every mountain, and every river, and in their places of sepulture, and of worship, which are sprinkled not sparingly over the Country.

Among the many splendid archaeological remains for which Great Britain is celebrated, there are none of greater interest, and (what is very singular) few less known than the Rhedagua, or chariot courses of the Ancient Britons, many of which exist, and some of them in a state of good preservation, at the present day in England. They were probably introduced into Britain by the Romans, in imitation of their own, and the Grecian Hippodromes; the races and sports of which became a passion with both sovereigns and people, in the decline of the Roman Empire. "Among the most remarkable is that near Stonehenge, which is a long tract of ground, about 350 feet, or 200 Druid cubits wide, and more than a mile and three quarters, or 6000 Druid cubits in length, enclosed quite round with a bank of earth, extending directly east and west. The Goal and Career are at the east end. The Goal is a high bank of earth raised with a slope inwards, in which the Judges are supposed to have sat. The metas are two tumuli, or small mounds, at the west end of the course. The Hippodromes were called in the language of the Country Rhedagua, the Racer, Rhedagwr, and the chariot 'Rheda' from the British word Rhedeg 'to run.' Another of these Hippodromes, south of Leiceseter, retains evident traces of the old name Rhedagua, in the corrupted one of Rawdikes," and the name of the famed race course at Chester (the Rhoodee) is equally significant. To these may be added one, which, though in our own neighbourhood, is probably known to but few persons. At the distance of half a mile north-east from Whaley Bridge, in the parish of Chapel-en-le-frith, upon the estate of Thomas Guy Gisborne, Esquire, and near to Horwich House, is one of these Rhedagua. It has always borne the name of Roosdyche, and is now in a very perfect state of preservation, and might, at this moment, over a considerable part of it, be used as a race course. It is an artificially formed valley, averaging in width, 40 paces, or 85 Druid cubits, and 1300 paces, or 2228 Druid cubits, in length. It is in a great measure cut out of the side of the hill, to a depth of from 10 to 30 feet, but where it is not so, it is enclosed on both sides

with banks of earth. The sides of that part which has been excavated are covered with oak and other trees, which form a noble avenue, and invest it with a majestic, and sombre character. At the east end of the course is the Goal, and at the west end are the remains of the metæ, and other Tumuli, and also several other valleys, of smaller dimensions than the Rhedagua, where, it is probable the chariots and horses, not actually occupied in the race, were placed, until their turn arrived to engage in the noble strife. The spectators were doubtless ranged upon the sides or banks, on each side of the course, all along its length; and many thousands might easily have found accommodation. In its modern state, the Roosdyche offers an interesting and beautiful valley to those lovers of fine scenery, who take no part in matters of Antiquarian science; but to the Scholar, the Antiquary, and the Archaeologist, who can again people its career, and shadowy boundaries, with the lords of the earth, and their British subjects, it presents an object of rare, and surprising magnificence. Let us try if we cannot do so. Hark, the dim spirit of an ancient Bard chants in my ear—

Antonius Labienus,
Who held a high command
From river-washed Mancunium*
To Coritanian Land,
Proclaimed by sound of trumpet,
That he would shortly come,
And hold a Race Olympian,
In honour of old Rome.

'Twas where the hills were rising,
The Britons kept rude home,
Surrounded by the Druid oaks
Was formed their Hippodrome.
And there the noble Roman,
With the barbarian vies;
Each in his lordly chariot,
To win the verdant prize.

There Lucius Antoninus,
A name renowned in arms;
There Julian Maximinus,
Whose treasure lay in farms;
There *Ætiers*, not yet Consul,
A soldier young and gay,
Drove on their noble coursers
In beautiful array.

And there were noble Britons,
Quite ready for the course,
Each in his warlike chariot
Reining each fiery horse.
Chynlies (whose cairn is gathered
High on a neighbouring hill),
And Khymbelyn, of mighty name,
Proud in his royal will.

And there the tall Segonax,
Wearing a torque of gold,
With eyes of flashing darkness,
And bearing, brave and bold,

Gazed fiercely on his rivals,
As they passed gently by;
And urged his Coritanian friends
To win the palm or die.

And there were lovely women,
Who looked on that bright scene;
Boudicæ, in her form
And majesty a Queen;
Comala of the gentle eyes,
The daughter of a King,
And sweet Malvina of the vale,
All angel save the wing.

And many other warriors,
And many another maid;
And men and matrons of the land
Were grouped beneath the shade.
Beside the lengthened Hippodrome,
On either bank they stood;
And from their elevated stand
The splendid pageant viewed.

And many Roman soldiers
(Those legionaries brave),
In all their warlike panoply,
The scene fresh beauty gave;
And every plumed helmet,
And beaming spear and shield,
Reflected the sun's splendour
In radiance o'er the field.

But, hark the trumpet's clangour!
(A long resounding breath)
And all the countless multitude
Stand mute as silent death:
And troops of gay light horsemen
Ride in, with harness bright,
And eagles carried at their head,
As if prepared for fight.

Next followed in his chariot
Of ivory and of gold,
Drawn by three gallant horses,
A man of warrior mould ;
But clothed in simple toga
Of linen white and fair,
His swarthy cheek and pitch black eyes
Matched well his grizzled hair.

“ Antonius Labienus ! ! ”
Uprose the general cry,
“ Antonius Labienus ! ! ”
The waving woods reply.
One roar of acclamation
Pealed out from every glade ;
And minstrels played and trumpets blew
A grand fanfare.

Stood up that noble Roman,
And very low he bowed ;
Well pleased to see the honour done
To Rome by that gay crowd :
And words of courteous fashion
To the British chiefs he said ;
And smiled, and paid the homage due,
To matron and to maid.

Then, as along the Hippodrome
Was heard the trumpet's blare,
Each charioteer approached the goal,
And took his station there ;
And waited till his match was fixed
By Labienus' “ doom,”
To run the race for victory
Twixt Britain and old Rome.

And first the Consul rivals made
Of Lucius Antonine,
And him who came of Kingly blood,
The Royal Kymbelyn ;
And all the other chariots
Were drawn from out the course ;
And from his yoke each charioteer
Relieved his mettled horse.

Fast by the goal the racers
Were marshalled side by side,
And scarce with all their energy
Restrained their coursers' pride ;
But each looked like a winner
Who would bear the garland home,
And Britons cheered for Britain then,
And Romans cheered for Rome.

Again the trumpet sounded,
And minstrels made a din,
And Labienus dropped his staff,
The signal to begin.
And all the gallant horses
Reared upright at the sound,
And dashed away with furious speed
Along the grassy ground.

Now hold thine own, proud Roman,
Thy rival drives a-head,
Though thine are steeds of Thessaly,
And his are British bred.
But he has driven in battle
With the sharp scythe at his wheel,
And mowed down sheep on sheep amid
The ranks of serried steel.

And thou, too, Royal Briton,
Beware the Roman guile,
The crafty Lucius Antonine
Regards thee with a smile.
While thy wild steeds are flying
With all the speed they have,
The Roman keeps his coursers in,
And seeks their strength to save.

Thus drove they (Briton foremost)
The whole length of the course,
The Roman lying close behind,
And holding hard each horse.
But when the Meta they drew nigh,
And each prepared to turn,
The wily Lucius cracked his whip,
And blew his clamorous horn.

The coursers of brave Kymbelyn
Were maddened by the sound,
And forward rushed past all restraint
Beyond the Meta's bound ;
Whilst Antonine's well managed steeds
He drew quite gently in,
And turned the Meta with a smile,
And now made sure to win.

Then cheered again the Romans,
And all of foreign brood,
While those of British origin
In furious silence stood.
But Khymbelyn with stalwart arm
Pulled his wild horses round,
And lashing them strained every nerve
To cover the lost ground.

And Lucius Antoninus,
Why looked he not behind ?
Did he contemn the Briton then,
Who came on wings of wind
The race were won, had he set on
As first he had begun ;
But now the Prince is at his wheel,
And he must hold his own.

Then cheered the crowd of Britons,
They cheered till they were hoarse ;
And each excited racer
Lashed each excited horse.
Fly, fly, ye steeds of Thessaly,
For noble Antonine ;
And fly, ye gallant British steeds
For the Royal Khymbelyn.

And wheel to wheel each chariot,
And neck and neck each horse,
Careered, with equal speed and power,
Along the backward course :
While Antonine smiled doubtfully,
And Khymbelyn, all soul,
With sounding thong, he pressed along
His horses to the goal.

Alas ! alas ! 'tis over,
The Roman guile prevails ;
The British steeds are overmarked,
Their power to conquer fails.
The high-bred steeds of Thessaly
Pursue their swift career ;
And when the goal is reached at length
They far in front appear.

Then rose a shout triumphant,
 " Hurra ! hurra ! for Rome !
 Hurra ! for Antoninus !
 The Briton's overcome !"
 But modest Antoninus
 Deplored the victory won,
 And said his steeds, and not himself,
 Deserved the olive crown.

"T'were bootless now to picture
 The other races run ;
 How Chynleis conquered Maximin,
 And Attius beat Ségon ;
 What prizes were distributed
 By Labienus' hands :
 Such deeds of fame and victory
 Another Lay demands.

Coming a little nearer to modern times, there is one subject which, as illustrative of the customs and manners of our forefathers, should not be lost sight of. I allude to the collection and preservation of ancient ballads and garlands, which are "fast disappearing before the march of civilization," and are sinking into oblivion, merely because so few people will take the trouble to collect, collate, and preserve them. They frequently contain the only historical or traditional information which remains to us of the life of our ancestors, and they speak to us of bygone centuries, and pourtray pictures of the country, and of a state of society now passed away. We have in this neighbourhood many old ballads still orally retained, but most of them, I am sorry to say, in bad preservation. They have become so corrupted, in process of time, both in sense, in grammar, in spelling, and in names, as to have lost much of their original value. One of them, "The Long-Armed Duke,"—a ballad frequently sung at the Courts Leet, wakes, and merry-makings in the High Peak, and an especial favourite on account of its reference to the family history of our noble Duke,—is so grossly corrupted, as to be almost unintelligible. I have collected and collated several copies; but, at present, I have not succeeded in restoring the sense,* nor, after considerable research, to verify the facts described in it. And yet it is evident, even from the mutilated remains sung or known in the Peak, that it has been a noble ballad. It is full of noble sentiments, and shews that the Long-Armed Duke (the first Duke of Devonshire) was as dear a lover of his country, and as true a patriot, as all his successors have been. As an illustration, I shall venture to introduce here a ballad collected from the *disjecta membra* of the forest minstrelsy of the High Peak. I rather think that originally it formed two distinct ballads, one relating to a contention and fight between Robin Hood and the Foresters and Keepers of the High Peak Forest; and the other to a match with the long bow between the King of Outlaws and the Foresters. It may be necessary to explain that this district was part of the country of Robin Hood, "that archer good;" and that his haunts are as well known at this day, as when he and his merry men drove the deer to a stand, or played those pranks which have made them, for so many centuries, the favourites of the English people. By Robin Hood's country I mean, those immense tracts of forest and woodland which, from the most ancient times (probably those of the Britons and Romans), had been left uncultivated, as places "for the peaceable being and abiding of wild beasts, and fowls of forest chace and warren, to be under the

* This ballad will be found under the head "Derbyshire Anthology," in the present number. ED.

King's protection, for his princely delight ;" as Manwood says.† Robin Hood's country, I conceive, comprehended the Forests of Sherwood in Nottinghamshire, Charnwood in Leicestershire, Needwood in Staffordshire, Macclesfield in Cheshire, and the High Peak in Derbyshire, all contiguous to if not immediately adjoining to one another, so that he had pretty extensive hunting grounds ; throughout which his residence is demonstrated by names and traditions as common and popular as those of the sovereigns and most eminent historical personages of his age. I need scarcely advert to the belief (now received as truly as the most authentic history) of the burial-place of Little John in Hathersage (Heather's-Edge) churchyard ; or to the rocky pass, near Winster, called Robin Hood's Stride ; or of a hundred other traditions, respecting the outlaw and his band, which are common throughout the country ; but I wish to confine my observations to my own neighbourhood, which appears to have been a sanctuary or fastness, to which he made continual resort. In a copy of an ancient map, made on the enclosure of the wastes and commons in the parish of Chapel-en-le-Frith (part of the ancient forest of High Peak), in the year 1707, an old wall is traced which is still a boundary fence of the wild moor called Combs Moss, and separates it from the property of Mr. Marsland. The wall is named on the map "The Archer's Wall," and the length of it is traditionally called "Robin Hood's Marks." The vicinity of this wall, it will be seen, is the scene of the events related in the ballad, and at that time the Forest of High Peak was the appanage of Prince (afterwards King) John, Earl of Mortaigne. In the summer time the scenery is magnificent. Those in the lowlands can form no idea of it ; nor can it be appreciated as it ought to be, except by those who know it in all its phases of beauty ; in the purple light of a summer evening ; in the soft moonlight ; in the howling storm of a winter's day ; or dressed in the Alpine robes of January. At the western extremity of the Archer's Wall an ancient stone cross formerly stood (also marked on the map), called "Woman's Cross," to which the penitents of this neighbourhood, previous to the Reformation, were wont to resort. From the spot where it stood, denoted until a recent period by the remains of the pedestal of the cross, one may look over the valley and lake of the Combs, the church and town of Chapel-en-le-frith, both picturesque, and indeed nearly the whole of the parish ; thence up the wild moorland pastures of Chinley and Brownside, until the eye rests upon the giant of the Peak, Kinder Scout ; while far away to the north you may descry the Cheshire and Yorkshire hills stretching to the horizon. At a short distance beneath, and on the southern side of the hill, lies Buxton (Buckstone), which no doubt took its name from the event recorded in the ballad, or something of a like character ; and I confess I do not see what purpose can be answered by searching for recondite derivations, when one presents itself so apposite to the character of the locality. It must not be supposed that the ballad itself came into my hands in the con-

* Manwood's Forest Laws.

secutive order in which it now appears. It was far otherwise, and I have been compelled to lop, to crop, to dovetail, and to splice. I said before the two parts appear to have formed distinct ballads; but if they did, it was before the verses came to my knowledge. The fact is, those ballads, or parts of ballads, which I have discovered have been sung at the Courts Leet by uncultivated persons, who obtained them in the same way; and the corruptions that must necessarily have crept into the recitals, from generation to generation, lead one only to be thankful that any vestiges of the original have come down to our day. But they *have* reached us, and although I have been compelled in some places to endeavour to restore the ancient language, in substitution for the *patois* or vernacular dialect of the country, into which we cannot be surprised they had run, yet on the whole they carry such *vestigia vetustatis* about them, as to afford the assurance that they are really what they pretend to be. I claim no merit, beyond that to which any ardent lover and collector of ballad minstrelsy is entitled, who provides some gratification for others, while his main object is to gratify himself. Some twenty years ago, or perhaps a little longer, there were two ancient men, persons[—]of considerable property and respectability, in the habit of attending the Court Leet dinners for the Hundred of High Peak, whose love for old ballads was so strong, and their memory so good, that they could, and sometimes did, begin their song at Curfew, and end at midnight. But though charmed with the heroic people of the story, it must be confessed that their ignorance of euphony and language was almost as great as their memory, and their ditties required considerable tinkering to fit them for recital. The ballad to which I have alluded is entitled

THE LAY OF THE BUCKSTONE.

'Tis merry in the high Peak Forest,
Out upon the lea ;
'Tis merry in the shady frith,
Where birds are whistling free :
The heather blooms on Lady-low ;
O'er Combs the wind blows dree ;
And the dappled deer, are feeding there,
Under the Greenwood tree.

" Now why amort, bold Robin Hood !
And a buck so near at hand :
'Tis easier far to cleave his crown
Than a peeled willow wand.
A nobler herd ne'er saw I run,
Three hundred head and mo :
The King won't mis a hart o' grease,
If thou ufe thy good yew bow."

" My bow's unstrung, Brian the Bearward !
So much the worse for thee :
Thou elder likest the twang of the string,
Than the dehest minstrelsy :

Thou prizeft the swifh of an arrow keen,
 When the mark is a buck of head ;
 And liefer than tripping o'er the fward,
 Thou wouldest see the Quarry dead."

" Ay, dead and buried," quoth the Bearward,
 " In the grave of a venifon pie :
 And so wouldest thou, or men thee wrong ;
 For all thou talk'ft so high :
 But if thou durft not fly a shaft,
 As well I would fly mine,
 Tend thou my bear, and lend thy bow ;
 I'll swop my trade for thine."

The Bearward strung the bow and shot
 Four hundred feet him fro :
 And hit a good fat buck, which fell,
 Nor lack'd a fecond blow.

" Well shot, shot well," bold Robin cried,
 " Thou'rt of the greenwood free :
 At stable stand, or wanlafs drift,
 Thou need'ft no lere from me."

Then they were ware of six wight yeomen,
 That lusty were, and tall,
 Come marching up from Fairfield side,
 Beneath the archer's wall ;
 All clad in Lincoln green were they ;
 And on their right arms wore
 A silver shield, which, in its field,
 A lion passant bore.

" Good morrow, good fellows !" the foremost said,
 " You are got to work eftsoon,
 I pray do you hold of the crown in chief,
 Or follow the Lady Moon ?
 Of stout King Richard the Lion's heart
 Ye should be liegemen good,
 To break his laws, and kill his deer,
 Within his own greenwood."

" Thou lieft now, thou proud spoken keeper !
 Forever I say thou doft lie :
 Neither foreft walk, nor deer are the King's,
 As I will well aby.

To John of Mortaigne, the deer belong ;
 To John of Mortaigne and *me* ;
 And my share I'll take, when it me lifts,
 Despite of him or thee."

" Why who art thou, thou bold tongued traitor !
 That durft thus mate with me ;
 And claim one half of the Prince's deer,
 Despite of his sovereignty ?

I trow thou'rt one of the Bearward's men,
By keeping his company ;
And I'll make thee dance like a bear from France,
If thy tongue not the kinder be."

Then on he rushed, with his staff upraif'd,
And dealt bold Robin a blow ;
But he was ware, and fopp'd him there,
With his long and tough yew bow.
And Robin put his Horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill ;
And soon appeared five wight yeomen
Come running down the hill.

The first was a man hight Little John,
A yeoman good and tall ;
The next Will Scarlet of gentle blood,
Bred up in bower and hall ;
The third, the minstrel, Alan a Dale,
So well with the harp fang he ;
The fourth was stalwart Clym o'the Clough,
And William of Cloudeflie.

"Now, hold your hands," bold Robin cried,
"Stand by, and see fair play ;
And the Keeper and I will try this bout ;
And see who'll win the day.
The Bearward shall lay the dainty buck
On this mossy boulder stome ;
And he that fairly knocks down his foe,
The fat buck shall have won."

"A match, a match," cried the yeomen all,
"Whoever shall fay it nay,
'Tis better ye two shoul'd fight it out,
Than all shoul'd join in the fray :
So handle your staves, and to it like men,
As it may no better be ;
And he that first brings his man to ground,
Shall gain the victory."

Then Ralph the Ranger squared his staff,
And gloured on Robin the while ;
The outlaw's staff lay loose in his hands,
And he scarce forbore to smile.
They stood together like Brothers twain,
Good men at their hands and tall ;
But each seemed loth to begin the strife,
Lest he first should have the fall.

And round and round each pressed his man,
Before he could get a blow ;
So well on guard, each kept his ward,
As they traversed to and fro.

With feint and dodge each tried to draw,
 His wary foeman forth ;
 But both were cool, and cautious too ;
 Like the good men of the north.

Bold Robin first his staff let fly,
 (The challenger was he,)
 And for the honor of his craft,
 He must not daftard be.

Woe worth the while he dealt the blow,
 His staff had scarcely flown ;
 When Ralph's came dead athwart his head,
 And well nigh cracked his crown.

He backward gave a step or two,
 But not one whit dismayed ;
 Though now the Keeper's quarter staff
 About his shoulders played :

His eye was keen, his hand was true,
 As well the Keeper found ;
 For his staff did knap, the Keeper's cap,
 And bring him to the ground.

“ The buck is mine,” the outlaw said,
 “ Unless thou lik’st to try
 Which of us twain upon the ground,
 Can best make arrow fly.

For kingly blood ye tend the frith ;
 Ye ought to shoot right well :
 For mine own hand will I draw a bow,
 And see who bears the bell.”

“ A match, a match !” cried the yeomen all,
 “ Whoever shall say it nay ;
 Good men ye are if ye shoot a shaft,
 As ye’ve handled the staff this day.

So fix your mark, and choose your ground,
 And it may no better be ;
 And he that first cleaves the willow wand,
 Shall gain the victory.”

“ No willow wand will we have,” quoth Robin,
 “ But the Buck’s dead glasseye ;
 And we’ll shoot the length of the archer’s wall,
 Seven hundred feet or nigh.

So Bearward lay the deer adown
 On yon mossy boulder stone ;
 And he who lodges a shaft in his eye,
 The fat buck shall have won.”

The buck was laid on the boulder stone,
 With his head towards the east ;
 And the yeomen tall, with their bows in hand,
 To win the guerdon preff’d ;

The Keeper first with wary eye,
 Took long and careful aim ;
 And hit the buck right yeomanly
 In the middle of his wame.
 " Well shot, well shot," bold Robin cried,
 (But the outlaw laughed the while,)
 " Right woodmanly that shaft is placed ;
 But a miss is as good as a mile."
 With careles aim he drew his bow,
 And let his arrow fly ;
 And lodged the shaft, both hard and fast,
 In the dead buck's glassy eye.
 So Robin he won the dainty Buck,
 By the side of the archer's wall ;
 And left the tale to be sung or said
 In Tower, and Bower, and Hall.
 The old gray wall still stands on the hill,
 Though the archer's marks are gone ;
 And the Boulder Rock is still kept in mind,
 By the name of old Buckstone.

I have thus referred to a few of the Archaeological relics of our beautiful county, not with technical precision, but after my own fashion, in the perusal of which, I trust the readers of the "Reliquary" will, whether antiquaries or not, find some little pleasure. There are many other matters, a description of which would occupy many papers, and take up more time than I have to spare ; but I hope others may be induced to take up the thread of communication where I leave it, and give us further illustrations of the traces of our forefathers in this interesting locality. They would create fresh enjoyment of, and veneration for, our County, make it classical to the educated traveller, and render every river, rock, and mountain—every old ruin, and every antique cross, an object of interest and delight.

A CHAPTER ON TOADSTOOLS.

BY EDWIN BROWN, ESQ., BURTON-ON-TRENT.

To the man who listlessly saunters through our fields and woods, on an autumn day, fungi are objects of so little importance, as not to deserve a second thought ; but their interest to the careful student of nature is of the most absorbing character. Whether we reflect on their mysteriously sudden appearance,—their widely extended ravages,—their economic uses,—their grotesque outlines, or rich and beautiful tints, they are worthy of the most careful study.

It is proposed to give in this paper a short introduction to the natural history and uses of this interesting group of plants.

The vegetable kingdom is primarily divided into plants which bear flowers, and those which do not produce flowers, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. The latter section includes species that are furnished with distinct stems and leaves, as Mosses, Liverworts, Ferns, Equisetums and Lycopods, or Club Mosses ; and also others, in which there is no precise distinction of leaves and stem, as Sea-weeds, Lichens, and Fungi. It is the family of Fungi only that we have now under consideration.

Fungi consist almost entirely of cellular tissue, or, in other words, they are an aggregation of minute cells, with little or no admixture of the elongated vessels, which form so large a portion of the substance of other plants. To this simple anatomical structure is no doubt owing the almost magical rate of growth of some species. Mushrooms, taken straight from the pits to the microscope, have been actually seen to multiply and enlarge their constituent cells, under the very eye of the observer. The Giant Puff-ball, when in active growth, is supposed to augment the number of its cells at the rate of 20,000 per minute. The new cells are produced as offshoots from the older ones, hence in the more shapeless species there would appear to be no limit to their growth, save that of lack of nutriment ; and indeed the size to which amorphous kinds have been known to attain is something amazing. The following is an instance :—Sir Joseph Banks having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, he directed that it should be placed in a cellar, that the saccharine it contained might be decomposed by age. At the end of three years he directed his Butler to ascertain the state of the wine, when, attempting to open the cellar door, he could not effect it, in consequence of some powerful obstacle. The door was consequently cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a fungous production, so firm that it was necessary to use an axe for its removal. This appeared to have grown from, or to have been nourished by, the decomposing particles of the wine, the cask being empty and carried to the ceiling, where it was supported by the fungus. In coal-pits, where the *entire* absence of light prevents the formation of the organs of fructification, and where consequently the natural determination of maturity is wanting, masses of fungoid bodies of enormous size have been frequently found, attached to the timbers used in the formation of the works. And the Puffball, *Lycoperdon Bovista*, suddenly making its appearance in a distant part of a sheep-pasture, has caused the shepherd a long walk, under the supposition that a sheep had become "overhauled."

The modes by which fungi propagate themselves are various. The root, or *spermatium*, as it is termed by botanists, consists of threads of cellular tissue, which traverse the soil, bark, or other substratum on which the species grows. The *spermatium* is in many cases perennial, and remains in a dormant state until the spores arrive for the full development of the species. The "spawn" of Mushrooms is a familiar form of the *spermatium*. Fungi are, however, mainly produced from spores or seeds. These spores are very simple in structure. Notwithstanding the simplicity of their structure, the spores are, however,

produced from many different parts of the substance of fungi. Mushrooms and other fungi, furnished with gills, bear their spores on short pedicels, on the sides of the gills, as may be made evident by laying the cap of a Mushroom or Toadstool upon white or coloured paper for a few hours, when the spores will be found to have fallen, and to have left a diagram of the gills upon the paper. The spores of some species are brown, of some white, and of others black or yellow. The colour of the paper should be chosen to contrast with that of the spores. *Pezæ*, which are pretty cupped shaped species, and some of which are frequently met with, discharge their spores, enveloped in cases, from their upper surface. Puffballs produce theirs in their interior, and when discharged the spores look like a puff of smoke. Moulds bear their spores singly or in clusters, at the tips of their filaments, and Rusts and Bunts seem to be almost wholly composed of spores. These seeds are so minute that the slightest atmospheric movement wafts them to new stations. The dust caught travelling on the wings of the trade winds has been found to be mixed with the spores of fungi. No wonder, then, that their presence is *everywhere* where warmth and moisture exist; and that a large number of the species are cosmopolites, or at least are found wherever the meteorological conditions are similar. It is scarcely possible effectually to exclude these minute but active agents of destruction, as housewives know to the cost of the contents of their store and fruit rooms. Nothing short of hermetically sealing up the objects to be preserved, will defend them entirely from the attack of mouldiness, if their composition be such as naturally to conduce to the growth of these vegetable scavengers of nature.

The species of Toadstools that produce the fairy rings, so generally seen in old pasture fields, illustrate very well the modes of increase of the higher forms of fungi. A spore is deposited by the wind, at the roots of the grass, or it is conveyed there in the droppings of animals; it germinates and produces a perfect Toadstool. This dies down, leaving its *mycelium* or root, which remains dormant until the following season, when a cluster of similar Toadstools is thrown up. These in turn fading away, are succeeded in due course by a wider circle of fungi, and each succeeding year witnesses an advance of the periphery from the original centre. There is no retrogression of the line of march; it is always from the centre outwardly. This is owing either to the *mycelium* having exhausted every particle of food in the soil peculiarly adapted to its sustenance, or to its having poisoned the space passed over by its excretions. Probably the former of the two suppositions is the correct one. Another result is also produced. The decay of the last ungathered crop of Toadstools fertilises the circular line upon which they grew, by the addition of nitrogenous matter, and the crops of grass for a month or two are fresher and greener there than on the adjacent parts. This is no doubt a more prosaic explanation of the origin of fairy rings than the one that has been current for ages, but it is sufficiently wonderful to gratify the minds of those who non-appreciate the poetry of science as well as the poetry of fiction.

The forms and colours of fungi vary in as great a degree as do those of

Fair friend of Venus, decked with all
 The beauteous foliage of the spring,
 Thy bending branches softly fall,
 And odours to the Goddess fling.
 Odours, by laughing Zephyrs borne,
 Odours, that sigh and breathe of love ;
 Ambrosia to the ocean born ;
 And nectar to Olympian Jove.

Fifteen hundred years have passed away since that encampment was abandoned, and the war cry of "Hostis adest Evans," replaced by the cry of the Curlew, and the chatter of the red Grouse. The Britons, corrupted by the refined sensuality of their conquerors, became enervated, and incapable of defending themselves against the hardy and more barbarous Saxon, and retired from the hills and valleys of Derbyshire, into the still wilder, and more inaccessible fastnesses of North Wales ; leaving monuments however of their occupation, in the name of almost every mountain, and every river, and in their places of sepulture, and of worship, which are sprinkled not sparingly over the Country.

Among the many splendid archaeological remains for which Great Britain is celebrated, there are none of greater interest, and (what is very singular) few less known than the Rhedagua, or chariot courses of the Ancient Britons, many of which exist, and some of them in a state of good preservation, at the present day in England. They were probably introduced into Britain by the Romans, in imitation of their own, and the Grecian Hippodromes ; the races and sports of which became a passion with both sovereigns and people, in the decline of the Roman Empire. "Among the most remarkable is that near Stonehenge, which is a long tract of ground, about 350 feet, or 200 Druid cubits wide, and more than a mile and three quarters, or 6000 Druid cubits in length, enclosed quite round with a bank of earth, extending directly east and west. The Goal and Career are at the east end. The Goal is a high bank of earth raised with a slope inwards, in which the Judges are supposed to have sat. The mets are two tumuli, or small mounds, at the west end of the course. The Hippodromes were called in the language of the Country Rhedagua, the Racer, Rhedagwr, and the chariot 'Rheda' from the British word Rhedeg 'to run.' Another of these Hippodromes, south of Leicester, retains evident traces of the old name Rhedagua, in the corrupted one of Rawdikes," and the name of the famed race course at Chester (the Rhoddee) is equally significant. To these may be added one, which, though in our own neighbourhood, is probably known to but few persons. At the distance of half a mile north-east from Whaley Bridge, in the parish of Chapel-en-le-Frith, upon the estate of Thomas Guy Gisborne, Esquire, and near to Horwich House, is one of these Rhedagua. It has always borne the name of Roosdyche, and is now in a very perfect state of preservation, and might, at this moment, over a considerable part of it, be used as a race course. It is an artificially formed valley, averaging in width, 40 paces, or 85 Druid cubits, and 1300 paces, or 2228 Druid cubits, in length. It is in a great measure cut out of the side of the hill, to a depth of from 10 to 30 feet, but where it is not so, it is enclosed on both sides

with banks of earth. The sides of that part which has been excavated are covered with oak and other trees, which form a noble avenue, and invest it with a majestic, and sombre character. At the east end of the course is the Goal, and at the west end are the remains of the metæ, and other Tumuli, and also several other valleys, of smaller dimensions than the Rhedagua, where, it is probable the chariots and horses, not actually occupied in the race, were placed, until their turn arrived to engage in the noble strife. The spectators were doubtless ranged upon the sides or banks, on each side of the course, all along its length; and many thousands might easily have found accommodation. In its modern state, the Roosdyche offers an interesting and beautiful valley to those lovers of fine scenery, who take no part in matters of Antiquarian science; but to the Scholar, the Antiquary, and the Archaeologist, who can again people its career, and shadowy boundaries, with the lords of the earth, and their British subjects, it presents an object of rare, and surprising magnificence. Let us try if we cannot do so. Hark, the dim spirit of an ancient Bard chants in my ear—

Antinous Labienus,
Who held a high command
From river-washed Mancunium.*
To Coritania Land,
Proclaimed by sound of trumpet,
That he would shortly come,
And hold a Rose Olympian,
In honour of old Rome.

'Twas where the hills were rising,
The Britons kept rude houses,
Surrounded by the Druid oaks
Was formed their Hippodrome.
And there the noble Roman,
With the barbarian vies ;
Each in his lordly chariot,
To win the verdant prize.

There Lucius Antoninus,
A name renowned in arms ;
There Julian Maximinus,
Whose treasures lay in farms ;
There Allectus, not yet Consul,
A soldier young and gay,
Drove on their noble coursers
In beautiful array.

And there were noble Britons,
Quite ready for the course,
Each in his warlike chariot
Reining each fiery horse.
Chalyne (whose cairn is gathered
High on a neighbouring hill),
And Khyrnablyn, of mighty name,
Proud in his royal will.

And there the tall Segonax,
Wearing a torque of gold,
With eyes of flashing darkness,
And bearing, brave and bold,

Gazed fixedly on his rivals,
As they passed gently by ;
And urged his Coritania friends
To win the prize or die.

And there were lovely women,
Who looked on that bright scene ;
Bellidice, in her form
And majesty a Queen ;
Cordilia of the gentle eyes,
The daughter of a King,
And sweet Melvina of the rye,
All angel saw the wing.

And many other warriors,
And many another mould ;
And men and matrons of the land
Were grouped beneath the shade.
Beside the lengthened Hippodrome,
On either bank they stood ;
And from their elevated stand
The splendid pageant viewed.

And many Roman soldiers
(Those legionaries brave),
In all their warlike panoply,
The scene fresh beauty gave ;
And every plumed helmet,
And beaming spear and shield,
Reflected the sun's splendour
In radiance o'er the field.

But, hark the trumpet's clangour !
(A long resounding breath)
And all the countless multitude
Stand mute as silent death :
And troops of gay light horsemen
Ride in, with harness bright,
And eagles carried at their head,
As if prepared for fight.

* Mancunium. Manchester.

Kett followed in his chariot
Of ivory and of gold,
Drawn by three gallant horses,
A man of warrior mould ;
But clothed in simple toga
Of linen white and fair,
His swarthy cheek and pitch black eye
Matched well his grizzled hair.

"Antonius Labienus ! !"
Uprose the general cry,
"Antonius Labienus ! !"
The waving woods reply.
One roar of acclamation
Pealed out from every glade ;
And minstrels played and trumpets blew
A grand fanfarronade.

Stood up that noble Roman,
And very low he bowed ;
Well pleased to see the honour done
To Rome by that gay crowd :
And words of courteous fashion
To the British chiefs he said ;
And smiled, and paid the homage due,
To matron and to maid.

Then, as along the Hippodrome
Was heard the trumpet's blare,
Each charioteer approached the goal,
And took his station there ;
And waited till his match was fixed
By Labienus' "doom,"
To run the race for victory
"Twixt Britain and old Rome.

And first the Consul rivals made
Of Lucius Antonine,
And him who came of Kingly blood,
The Royal Kymbelyn ;
And all the other chariots
Were drawn from out the course ;
And from his yoke each charioteer
Relieved his mettled horse.

Fast by the goal the racers
Were marshalled side by side,
And scarce with all their energy
Restrained their coursers' pride ;
But each looked like a winner
Who would bear the garland home,
And Britons cheered for Britain then,
And Romans cheered for Rome.

Again the trumpet sounded,
And minstrels made a din,
And Labienus dropped his staff,
The signal to begin.
And all the gallant horses
Reared upright at the sound,
And dashed away with furious speed
Along the grassy ground.

Now hold thine own, proud Roman,
Thy rival drives a-head,
Though thine are steeds of Thessaly,
And his are British bred.
But he has driven in battle
With the sharp scythe at his wheel,
And mowed down sheep on sheep amid
The ranks of serried steel.

And thou, too, Royal Briton,
Beware the Roman guile,
The crafty Lucius Antonine
Regards thee with a smile.
While thy wild steeds are flying
With all the speed they have,
The Roman keeps his coursers in,
And seeks their strength to save.

Thus drive they (Briton foremost)
The whole length of the course,
The Roman lying close behind,
And holding hard each horse.
But when the Meta they drew nigh,
And each prepared to turn,
The wily Lucius cracked his whip,
And blew his clamorous horn.

The coursers of brave Kymbelyn
Were maddened by the sound,
And forward rushed past all restraint
Beyond the Meta's bound ;
Whilst Antonine's well managed steeds
He drew quite gently in,
And turned the Meta with a smile,
And now made sure to win.

Then cheered again the Romans,
And all of foreign brood,
While those of British origin
In furious silence stood.
But Kymbelyn with stalwart arm
Pulled his wild horses round,
And lashing them strained every nerve
To cover the lost ground.

And Lucius Antoninus,
Why looked he not behind ?
Did he contemn the Briton then,
Who came on wings of wind
The race were won, had he set on
As first he had begun ;
But now the Prince is at his wheel,
And he must hold his own.

Then cheered the crowd of Britons,
They cheered till they were hoarse ;
And each excited racer
Lashed each excited horse.
Fly, fly, ye steeds of Thessaly,
For noble Antonine ;
And fly, ye gallant British steeds
For the Royal Kymbelyn.

And wheel to wheel each chariot,
And neck and neck each horse,
Careered, with equal speed and power,
Along the backward course :
While Antonine smiled doubtfully,
And Kymbelyn, all soul,
With sounding thong, he pressed along
His horses to the goal.

Alas ! alas ! 'tis over,
The Roman guile prevails ;
The British steeds are overmarked,
Their power to conquer fails.
The high-bred steeds of Thessaly
Pursue their swift career ;
And when the goal is reached at length
They far in front appear.

Then rose a shout triumphant,
 "Hurra ! hurra ! for Rome !
 Hurra ! for Antoninus !
 The Briton's overcome !"
 But modest Antoninus
 Deplored the victory won,
 And said his steeds, and not himself,
 Deserved the olive crown.

'Twere bootless now to picture
 The other races run ;
 How Chynleis conquered Maximin,
 And ~~Atius~~ beat Segon ;
 What prizes were distributed
 By Labienus' hands :
 Such deeds of fame and victory
 Another Lay demands.

Coming a little nearer to modern times, there is one subject which, as illustrative of the customs and manners of our forefathers, should not be lost sight of. I allude to the collection and preservation of ancient ballads and garlands, which are "fast disappearing before the march of civilization," and are sinking into oblivion, merely because so few people will take the trouble to collect, collate, and preserve them. They frequently contain the only historical or traditional information which remains to us of the life of our ancestors, and they speak to us of bygone centuries, and pourtray pictures of the country, and of a state of society now passed away. We have in this neighbourhood many old ballads still orally retained, but most of them, I am sorry to say, in bad preservation. They have become so corrupted, in process of time, both in sense, in grammar, in spelling, and in names, as to have lost much of their original value. One of them, "The Long-Armed Duke,"—a ballad frequently sung at the Courts Leet, wakes, and merry-makings in the High Peak, and an especial favourite on account of its reference to the family history of our noble Duke,—is so grossly corrupted, as to be almost unintelligible. I have collected and collated several copies; but, at present, I have not succeeded in restoring the sense,* nor, after considerable research, to verify the facts described in it. And yet it is evident, even from the mutilated remains sung or known in the Peak, that it has been a noble ballad. It is full of noble sentiments, and shews that the Long-Armed Duke (the first Duke of Devonshire) was as dear a lover of his country, and as true a patriot, as all his successors have been. As an illustration, I shall venture to introduce here a ballad collected from the *disjecta membra* of the forest minstrelsy of the High Peak. I rather think that originally it formed two distinct ballads, one relating to a contention and fight between Robin Hood and the Foresters and Keepers of the High Peak Forest; and the other to a match with the long bow between the King of Outlaws and the Foresters. It may be necessary to explain that this district was part of the country of Robin Hood, "that archer good;" and that his haunts are as well known at this day, as when he and his merry men drove the deer to a stand, or played those pranks which have made them, for so many centuries, the favourites of the English people. By Robin Hood's country I mean, those immense tracts of forest and woodland which, from the most ancient times (probably those of the Britons and Romans), had been left uncultivated, as places "for the peaceable being and abiding of wild beasts, and fowls of forest chace and warren, to be under the

* This ballad will be found under the head "Derbyshire Anthology," in the present number. ED.

King's protection, for his princely delight ;" as *Manwood says*.[†] Robin Hood's country, I conceive, comprehended the Forests of Sherwood in Nottinghamshire, Charnwood in Leicestershire, Needwood in Staffordshire, Macclesfield in Cheshire, and the High Peak in Derbyshire, all contiguous to if not immediately adjoining to one another, so that he had pretty extensive hunting grounds ; throughout which his residence is demonstrated by names and traditions as common and popular as those of the sovereigns and most eminent historical personages of his age. I need scarcely advert to the belief (now received as truly as the most authentic history) of the burial-place of Little John in Hathersage (Heather's-Edge) churchyard ; or to the rocky pass, near Winster, called Robin Hood's Stride ; or of a hundred other traditions, respecting the outlaw and his band, which are common throughout the country ; but I wish to confine my observations to my own neighbourhood, which appears to have been a sanctuary or fastness, to which he made continual resort. In a copy of an ancient map, made on the enclosure of the wastes and commons in the parish of Chapel-en-le-Frith (part of the ancient forest of High Peak), in the year 1707, an old wall is traced which is still a boundary fence of the wild moor called Combs Moss, and separates it from the property of Mr. Marsland. The wall is named on the map "The Archer's Wall," and the length of it is traditionally called "Robin Hood's Marks." The vicinity of this wall, it will be seen, is the scene of the events related in the ballad, and at that time the Forest of High Peak was the appanage of Prince (afterwards King) John, Earl of Mortaigne. In the summer time the scenery is magnificent. Those in the lowlands can form no idea of it ; nor can it be appreciated as it ought to be, except by those who know it in all its phases of beauty ; in the purple light of a summer evening ; in the soft moonlight ; in the howling storm of a winter's day ; or dressed in the Alpine robes of January. At the western extremity of the Archer's Wall an ancient stone cross formerly stood (also marked on the map), called "Woman's Cross," to which the penitents of this neighbourhood, previous to the Reformation, were wont to resort. From the spot where it stood, denoted until a recent period by the remains of the pedestal of the cross, one may look over the valley and lake of the Combs, the church and town of Chapel-en-le-frith, both picturesque, and indeed nearly the whole of the parish ; thence up the wild moorland pastures of Chinley and Brownside, until the eye rests upon the giant of the Peak, Kinder Scout ; while far away to the north you may descry the Cheshire and Yorkshire hills stretching to the horizon. At a short distance beneath, and on the southern side of the hill, lies Buxton (Buckstone), which no doubt took its name from the event recorded in the ballad, or something of a like character ; and I confess I do not see what purpose can be answered by searching for recondite derivations, when one presents itself so apposite to the character of the locality. It must not be supposed that the ballad itself came into my hands in the con-

* *Manwood's Forest Laws.*

secutive order in which it now appears. It was far otherwise, and I have been compelled to lop, to crop, to dovetail, and to splice. I said before the two parts appear to have formed distinct ballads ; but if they did, it was before the verses came to my knowledge. The fact is, those ballads, or parts of ballads, which I have discovered have been sung at the Courts Leet by uncultivated persons, who obtained them in the same way ; and the corruptions that must necessarily have crept into the recitals, from generation to generation, lead one only to be thankful that any vestiges of the original have come down to our day. But they *have* reached us, and although I have been compelled in some places to eudeavour to restore the ancient language, in substitution for the *patois* or vernacular dialect of the country, into which we cannot be surprised they had run, yet on the whole they carry such *vestigia vetustatis* about them, as to afford the assurance that they are really what they pretend to be. I claim no merit, beyond that to which any ardent lover and collector of ballad minstrelsy is entitled, who provides some gratification for others, while his main object is to gratify himself. Some twenty years ago, or perhaps a little longer, there were two ancient men, persons of considerable property and respectability, in the habit of attending the Court Leet dinners for the Hundred of High Peak, whose love for old ballads was so strong, and their memory so good, that they could, and sometimes did, begin their song at Curfew, and end at midnight. But though charmed with the heroic people of the story, it must be confessed that their ignorance of euphony and language was almost as great as their memory, and their ditties required considerable tinkering to fit them for recital. The ballad to which I have alluded is entitled

THE LAY OF THE BUCKSTONE.

"Tis merry in the high Peak Forest,
Out upon the lea ;
"Tis merry in the shady frith,
Where birds are whistling free :
The heather blooms on Lady-low ;
O'er Combs the wind blows dree ;
And the dappled deer, are feeding there,
Under the Greenwood tree.
"Now why amort, bold Robin Hood !
And a buck so near at hand :
"Tis easier far to cleave his crown
Than a peeled willow wand.
A nobler herd ne'er saw I run,
Three hundred head and mo :
The King won't miss a hart o' grease,
If thou use thy good yew bow."
"My bow's unstrung, Brian the Bearward !
So much the worse for thee :
Thou elder likeliest the twang of the string,
Than the defteli minstrelsy :

With feint and dodge each tried to draw,
 His wary foeman forth ;
 But both were cool, and cautious too ;
 Like the good men of the north.

Bold Robin first his staff let fly,
 (The challenger was he,)
 And for the honor of his craft,
 He must not daftard be.

Woe worth the while he dealt the blow,
 His staff had scarcely flown ;
 When Ralph's came dead athwart his head,
 And well nigh cracked his crown.

He backward gave a step or two,
 But not one whit dismayed ;
 Though now the Keeper's quarter staff
 About his shoulders played :

His eye was keen, his hand was true,
 As well the Keeper found ;
 For his staff did knap, the Keeper's cap,
 And bring him to the ground.

“ The buck is mine,” the outlaw said,
 “ Unless thou lik’st to try
 Which of us twain upon the ground,
 Can best make arrow fly.

For kingly blood ye tend the frith ;
 Ye ought to shoot right well :
 For mine own hand will I draw a bow,
 And see who bears the bell.”

“ A match, a match !” cried the yeomen all,
 “ Whoever shall say it nay ;
 Good men ye are if ye shoot a shaft,
 As ye’ve handled the staff this day.

So fix your mark, and choose your ground,
 And it may no better be ;
 And he that first cleaves the willow wand,
 Shall gain the victory.”

“ No willow wand will we have,” quoth Robin,
 “ But the Buck’s dead glassy eye ;
 And we’ll shoot the length of the archer’s wall,
 Seven hundred feet or nigh.

So Bearward lay the deer adown
 On yon mossy boulder stone ;
 And he who lodges a shaft in his eye,
 The fat buck shall have won.”

The buck was laid on the boulder stone,
 With his head towards the east ;
 And the yeomen tall, with their bows in hand,
 To win the guerdon preff’d ;

The Keeper first with wary eye,
 Took long and careful aim ;
 And hit the buck right yeomanly
 In the middle of his wame.
 " Well shot, well shot," bold Robin cried,
 (But the outlaw laughed the while,))
 " Right woodmanly that shaft is placed ;
 But a miss is as good as a mile."
 With careleſs aim he drew his bow,
 And let his arrow fly ;
 And lodged the shaft, both hard and fast,
 In the dead buck's glaffy eye.
 So Robin he won the dainty Buck,
 By the ſide of the archer's wall ;
 And left the tale to be ſung or ſaid
 In Tower, and Bower, and Hall.
 The old gray wall ſtill stands on the hill,
 Though the archer's marks are gone ;
 And the Boulder Rock is ſtill kept in mind,
 By the name of old Buckſtone.

I have thus referred to a few of the Archaeological relics of our beautiful county, not with technical precision, but after my own fashion, in the perusal of which, I trust the readers of the " Reliquary" will, whether antiquaries or not, find some little pleasure. There are many other matters, a description of which would occupy many papers, and take up more time than I have to spare ; but I hope others may be induced to take up the thread of communication where I leave it, and give us further illustrations of the traces of our forefathers in this interesting locality. They would create fresh enjoyment of, and veneration for, our County, make it classical to the educated traveller, and render every river, rock, and mountain—every old ruin, and every antique cross, an object of interest and delight.

A CHAPTER ON TOADSTOOLS.

BY EDWIN BROWN, ESQ., BURTON-ON-TRENT.

To the man who listleſsly ſaunters through our fields and woods, on an autumn day, fungi are objects of ſo little importance, as not to deserve a ſecond thought ; but their interest to the careful ſtudent of nature is of the moſt absorbing character. Whether we reflect on their mysteriously ſudden appearance,—their widely extended ravages,—their economic uses,—their grotesque outlines, or rich and beautiful tinta, they are worthy of the moſt careful ſtudy.

It is proposed to give in this paper a ſhort introduction to the natural history and uses of this interesting group of plants.

The vegetable kingdom is primarily divided into plants which bear flowers, and those which do not produce flowers, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. The latter section includes species that are furnished with distinct stems and leaves, as Mosses, Liverworts, Ferns, Equisetums and Lycopods, or Club Mosses ; and also others, in which there is no precise distinction of leaves and stem, as Sea-weeds, Lichens, and Fungi. It is the family of Fungi only that we have now under consideration.

Fungi consist almost entirely of cellular tissue, or, in other words, they are an aggregation of minute cells, with little or no admixture of the elongated vessels, which form so large a portion of the substance of other plants. To this simple anatomical structure is no doubt owing the almost magical rate of growth of some species. Mushrooms, taken straight from the pits to the microscope, have been actually seen to multiply and enlarge their constituent cells, under the very eye of the observer. The Giant Puff-ball, when in active growth, is supposed to augment the number of its cells at the rate of 20,000 per minute. The new cells are produced as offshoots from the older ones, hence in the more shapeless species there would appear to be no limit to their growth, save that of lack of nutriment ; and indeed the size to which amorphous kinds have been known to attain is something amazing. The following is an instance :—Sir Joseph Banks having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, he directed that it should be placed in a cellar, that the saccharine it contained might be decomposed by age. At the end of three years he directed his Butler to ascertain the state of the wine, when, attempting to open the cellar door, he could not effect it, in consequence of some powerful obstacle. The door was consequently cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a fungous production, so firm that it was necessary to use an axe for its removal. This appeared to have grown from, or to have been nourished by, the decomposing particles of the wine, the cask being empty and carried to the ceiling, where it was supported by the fungus. In coal-pits, where the *entire* absence of light prevents the formation of the organs of fructification, and where consequently the natural determination of maturity is wanting, masses of fungoid bodies of enormous size have been frequently found, attached to the timbers used in the formation of the works. And the Puffball, *Lycoperdon Bovista*, suddenly making its appearance in a distant part of a sheep-pasture, has caused the shepherd a long walk, under the supposition that a sheep had become “overhauled.”

The modes by which fungi propagate themselves are various. The root, or *mycelium*, as it is termed by botanists, consists of threads of cellular tissue, which traverse the soil, bark, or other pabulum on which the species grows. The *mycelium* is in many cases perennial, and remains in a nascent state until the season arrives for the full development of the species. The “spawn” of Mushrooms is a familiar form of the *mycelium*. Fungi are, however, mainly produced from spores or seeds. These spores are very simple in structure. Notwithstanding the simplicity of their structure, the spores are, however,

produced from many different parts of the substance of fungi. Mushrooms and other fungi, furnished with gills, bear their spores on short pedicels, on the sides of the gills, as may be made evident by laying the cap of a Mushroom or Toadstool upon white or coloured paper for a few hours, when the spores will be found to have fallen, and to have left a diagram of the gills upon the paper. The spores of some species are brown, of some white, and of others black or yellow. The colour of the paper should be chosen to contrast with that of the spores. *Perizae*, which are pretty cupped shaped species, and some of which are frequently met with, discharge their spores, enveloped in cases, from their upper surface. Puffballs produce theirs in their interior, and when discharged the spores look like a puff of smoke. Moulds bear their spores singly or in clusters, at the tips of their filaments, and Rusts and Bunts seem to be almost wholly composed of spores. These seeds are so minute that the slightest atmospheric movement wafts them to new stations. The dust caught travelling on the wings of the trade winds has been found to be mixed with the spores of fungi. No wonder, then, that their presence is *everywhere* where warmth and moisture exist; and that a large number of the species are cosmopolites, or at least are found wherever the meteorological conditions are similar. It is scarcely possible effectually to exclude these minute but active agents of destruction, as housewives know to the cost of the contents of their store and fruit rooms. Nothing, short of hermetically sealing up the objects to be preserved, will defend them entirely from the attack of mouldiness, if their composition be such as naturally to conduce to the growth of these vegetable scavengers of nature.

The species of Toadstools that produce the fairy rings, so generally seen in old pasture fields, illustrate very well the modes of increase of the higher forms of fungi. A spore is deposited by the wind, at the roots of the grass, or it is conveyed there in the droppings of animals; it germinates and produces a perfect Toadstool. This dies down, leaving its *mycelium* or root, which remains dormant until the following season, when a cluster of similar Toadstools is thrown up. These in turn fading away, are succeeded in due course by a wider circle of fungi, and each succeeding year witnesses an advance of the periphery from the original centre. There is no retrogression of the line of march; it is always from the centre outwardly. This is owing either to the *mycelium* having exhausted every particle of food in the soil peculiarly adapted to its sustenance, or to its having poisoned the space passed over by its excretions. Probably the former of the two suppositions is the correct one. Another result is also produced. The decay of the last ungathered crop of Toadstools fertilizes the circular line upon which they grew, by the addition of nitrogenous matter, and the crops of grass for a season or two are fresher and greener there than on the adjacent parts. This is no doubt a more prosaic explanation of the origin of fairy rings than the one that has been current for ages, but it is sufficiently wonderful to gratify the minds of those who can appreciate the poetry of science as well as the poetry of fiction.

The forms and colours of fungi vary in as great a degree as do those of

any other class of organized beings, perhaps even more so. Among Toadstools proper, we have every possible combination of form of which a bell or a parasol is the type. Some among the more fragile are so truly elegant that they might be used as models of form by the artist. Others, sombre in tint, and Egyptian in their massive contour, burst forth from the margins of our footways, or from the roots of ancient trees, with startling suddenness, and what was yesterday a plain surface, is to-day covered with life. The lower forms are still more varied. Among them we have the *Nidularias*, or Bird's-nest fungi, exactly resembling that from which they gain their name, even to the tiny eggs within. *Clavarias*, like bunches of white or yellow coral. *Geoglossa*, resembling the tongues of animals. We further find cups, saucers, and vases of every variety, among the *Pezizas*; some in colour bright yellow, others of the most brilliant scarlet, rivalling the tints of the parterre, and looking like scattered geranium petals amid the dead twigs upon which they grow. We have *Tremellas*, simulating pieces of raw flesh, and even the human brain. *Exidia Auricula Judea*, a species growing upon decaying elder trees, so exactly resembles a brown human ear, as to raise up a feeling of revolt against handling it. Another species of the same genus, which grows in large, black, gelatinous, and tremulous masses, has acquired the appropriate name of Witches' Butter. *Phallus impudicus*, foul in shape and foul in scent. *Sphaerias* of every variety of form grow from dead trees and diseased insects, some in outline like mammillated stalagmite, others like branching seaweed. *Hydnus Barba Jovis* exhibits a beard of sage and patriarchal proportions. *Lycoperdon pyriforme*, looking like bunches of pears, covers dry banks with its clusters.

Among the more minute and microscopic forms that Corda has figured in his large folio book, entitled "Flore illustrée de Mucédinées d'Europe," are comprised some of the most bizarre and singular forms it is possible to conceive. Groups of halberds, spears, croziers, volutes, polygons, necklaces, and Medusa-like heads. And these among Mildews that Corda found growing upon walls, old matting, tobacco papers, and other common objects.

Among these infinitely varied objects the attention of the student furnished with a microscope can never flag. The botanist Fries is said to have discovered 2,000 species of fungi within a square furlong, in Sweden; and there is no reason to suppose that this country is much less productive in species than is Sweden. Any one living in a country place must have, therefore, an almost inexhaustible field of discovery within an hour's walk of his own house.

The relations which exist between fungi and the comforts and well-being of man, are so numerous and important that the bare enumeration of some of the principal ravages and uses of the class, must carry conviction to the minds of all that the study is worthy of the deepest attention. Where a race of beings are *en rapport* with man at so many points, it is difficult to know where to begin, but we will commence with the produce of our fields and gardens. First then with regard to our grain crops. Most of our readers have heard of Mildew, Rust, Smut, and Bunt, but few are perhaps aware that these

are all phases of devastation by fungi. The farmer will perhaps be congratulating himself on the promising appearance of his crops when lo ! a change takes place in the state of the atmosphere, bringing about a condition favourable to the vegetation of those myriads of spores that are always floating around him, and his hopes are at once miserably blighted. He sees the blades of his wheat plants disfigured with spots and streaks of yellow Rust, the work of *Uredo linearis*. By and by diffuse spots of a darker colour, indicate that Mildew, in the shape of *Puccinia graminis*, is robbing the plant of its nutriment, and poisoning the juices by the development of its multitudinous cases of spores. His barley in place of heads of plump grain, offers nothing but black unsightly culms of Smut, *Uredo segetum*. His wheat has a still deadlier enemy in the foul scented Bunt, *Uredo Carica*. And his rye has its crop lessened and adulterated, by the formation in its ears of the baneful "St. John's Bread," *Spermodia Clavus*. In dismay he turns to his other crops for comfort, and he finds his turnips and cabbages blighted by another Mildew, his hops by *Erysiphe macularis*, and his potatoes are being destroyed under the "new disease," the work of *Botrytis infestans*. If he resides in the south of Europe, he is losing his vines by the ravages of the *Oidium Tuckeri*, which creeps over the half-formed grapes, and turns them into the likeness of "grinning masks," just when they should have attained to ripeness. His olives are devastated by another Fungus, and his silkworms die by thousands a prey to the Muscardine or *Botrytis Bassiana*.

This may perhaps be deemed the extent of the wrongs we endure at the instance of this influential tribe, but it is by no means the case. Continuing the history of the poor ruined farmer, we will suppose him returning to his fire side. His infant he finds suffering from Thrush or Aptha, here his old fungoid foe still pursues him, in the shape this time of *Oidium albicans*. His other children suffer from Favus and Diphtheria, the productions or concomitants of *Achorion* and *Oidium*. His wife cannot prevent ropiness in his bread, or his beer from becoming "mothery," owing to the presence of semi-developed fungi. And finally, to crown his misery, he discovers that the wooden portions of his house, and the ship on the sea in which he has a small interest, are fast becoming mere heaps of ruin, from the attacks of the "dry rot," the work of *Polyporus destructor* and *Merulius vastator*. Here his energies fail him, he is sick at heart, indigestion with all its horrors seizes upon him, his malady increases, and his medical attendant discovers in the discharges from his stomach which his continual vomiting brings up, millions of the minute fungus *Sarcina ventriculi*, and he knows at once his case is hopeless.

It may truly be said *we exist by the sufferance* of the race of Fungi. But fortunately for mankind, there is so benevolent a balancing of the powers of nature, that rarely do we find the destroyers actually let loose upon us, and in glancing at the *per contra* account between man and fungus, we shall find that there are countervailing benefits to be derived from the tribe.

The common Mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, is in universal estimation as an article of food. The world however lives in lamentable

ignorance of the large quantities of nutritious and wholesome food, which perishes in our fields under the condemnatory name of Toadstools.

Experiments have been tried by careful discriminators, and it has been found, that the majority of the species are wholesome. In Russia vast numbers of kinds are selected and dried for winter food. And in Italy species in great variety are collected and regularly taken to market; but as if to show the universality of prejudice in some shape or another, our sole culinary species, *Agaricus campestris*, is carefully rejected by the market inspectors in Rome, and if detected is ignominiously thrown into the Tiber.

Many highly poisonous species undoubtedly exist among our native Toadstools, and old Gerard in his Herbal compares the peril of selection to the "licking of honey from among thorns;" but with exact botanical knowledge, or after a few practical lessons on gathering, the noxious may be eliminated from the wholesome with certainty. Fortunately the species good for food are among the heaviest croppers, a circumstance that makes it all the more desirable that a knowledge of good and evil should be dispersed among our population, to prevent the waste of nutritious food which annually takes place.

That the ancients used many species as food, is abundantly evident from Athenaeus and Pliny. The latter author says—"This is the only article of food that voluptuaries of the present day are in the habit of dressing with their own hands, and so feeding upon it in anticipation, being provided with amber knives, and silver plates and dishes for the purpose." The fondness of the Romans for this kind of food gave opportunity to the malicious, to insinuate poisonous species into the dishes prepared for their victims, as in the case of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, who poisoned her husband the Emperor Claudius. From Pliny's remarks it would appear, that what are now termed Mushrooms, Morells, Boleti and Polypori, were used in great variety, and so much is he impressed with the difficulty of selecting safely, on the imperfect knowledge of species existing at that time, that he remarks, "Who in fact is able to distinguish them except those who dwell in the country, or the persons that are in the habit of gathering them?"

It would be dangerous, to attempt to condense any instructions for the discrimination of species into the limits of this short paper, but there is one kind of fungus about which there can be no mistake. I mean the Puff-ball, *Lycoperdon Bovista*, mentioned already, and which is so abundant in Derbyshire and the neighbouring districts, as to be at times removed from the pastures by cart loads as a nuisance. It is highly nutritious when young and white, and I have more than once feasted my friends upon slices of Puff-ball, fried with egg and butter, and they have, without exception, pronounced it to be equal in quality and flavour to real sweet-bread. The Morell also is numerous in the woodsof Derbyshire. This is a species known to many by name, and is a delicious and wholesome article of food. Dr. Badham, in his work on Esculent Funguses, has figured and described many edible species, and there are no doubt many others equally useful as food, but the qualities of which have not been tested.

Among species useful in sundry ways to man, we may enumerate the Ergot of Rye, (St. John's Bread), as a most valuable aid to the midwife—*Polyporus fomentarius*, from which German tinder is obtained—*Lycoperdon Boviste*, the base of which, when dried, is a first rate styptic, and is further useful for rendering bees torpid, and for killing aphides in greenhouses. The Fly agaric, indigenous in the County of Derby, is used by the Siberians to produce intoxication, and it is also employed to destroy that pest of the kitchen the house fly. The mycelium of *Penicillium glaucum*, known as the Vinegar Plant, is used in the production of acetic acid. But the most important use of the tribe to man, is in the fermentation of beer and of ardent spirits by the agency of *Torula Cerevisiae*. Brewers' yeast consists of incalculable numbers of the simple cells of this minute species of fungus, which rapidly multiply themselves as long as the temperature is suitable, and there exists an albuminous matter for their nutrition. Under the microscope, the process of cell propagation can be seen in active operation. From the cell walls are produced small projections, which are shortly converted into cells similar in every way to the parent cell; and from these in turn others are produced. They remain connected in short strings, until some check in the process causes them to disunite; and their presence in some way, not yet thoroughly understood, gives to the yeast its peculiar fermenting properties. When we reflect, on the wealth employed in the production of the beverages of this and other European Countries, and the geniality promoted by their use, at convivial meetings, so different to the deleterious effects of opium, bang, hashish and other eastern stimulants, and that neither beer, wine, nor spirits, could exist, without the aid of fungus growth, we must admit we owe a large debt of gratitude to the tribe.

My object in writing this short paper is to promote the study of fungi, in the hope that the immense variety to be found in Derbyshire may be thoroughly investigated, and that the county may be explored for new species, to a greater extent than I have had the opportunity of doing. I shall be happy to afford assistance over the determination of species, if specimens are sent, in fresh and good condition, for that purpose, by any student of Mycology. And I trust ere long, that there may be to be found in every village and town, in this and other counties, one or more persons competent to discriminate between wholesome and unwholesome species, so as to arrest the lamentable waste of nutritious food, which is now constantly going on.

NOTES ON THE FOLK-LORE OF FUNGI.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., ETC., ETC., ETC.

CONNECTED with Fungi there are many curious bits of folk-lore, and some singular superstitions, which are worthy of preservation ; and a few of these I have thought would be interesting as notes to the preceding paper. These are connected with Toad-stools, Jews-ears, Fuzz-balls, and Fairy-rings.

Toad-stools, said in some districts to be a favourite resort or resting place for toads, and in others believed to spring up from the poisonous excretion discharged by that reptile, when annoyed by passers-by, are believed to possess some strange powers, if gathered at the full of the moon, while the light is strong upon them, and carried home without breathing upon, or touching them with the hand, and then placed in a clean new earthen pipkin, with a live toad, and some fresh spring water, and set to seethe in an oven. At midnight, it was believed, that the liquor thus produced would be infallible as a philter to ensure the presence of a lover whenever desired. Of course it is needless to say that the toad and the toad-stools had to boil and simmer together till perfectly cooked. When the infatuated maiden who had prepared this "mess," wished for the presence of her lover, she was supposed to drink five drops of the liquor and repeat some doggrell verses at the same time. Another use of toad-stools was a remedy for epilepsy, and for this purpose it was believed that if they could be gathered just as they were forcing their way through the earth, and swallowed in claret at midnight, they were a sure cure.

Toads are popularly, though perhaps erroneously, believed to be venomous, and very few people especially among our fair friends, can be found hardy enough to handle, or even to look at, them. Toads eyes are, when looked at closely, most exquisitely beautiful, but they are said to possess such a peculiar fascination for evil as is almost irresistible, and thus, through fear of the consequences which though undefined are believed to be very dreadful, their beauties are seen by but few people. I have heard exclamations of complete horror at sight of a toad ; and have seen people pale with terror at the consequences of gazing upon one of those harmless reptiles, while the fact of my taking up one in my bare hand has made them shudder with fear. Holding that there is beauty in everything in nature,—no matter what the object may be—and that nothing which the God who made man, has created, is foul or loathsome when properly studied, I have felt nothing to deter me from watching, from lifting up, and gazing intently into, and admiring the beauty of, the eyes of this maligned little animal.

The toad has been, perhaps, one of the most extensively used reptiles, in all species of incantations and divinations, of any ; and a highly interesting paper might be written on "toad superstitions" only. At present it may be amusing to name one or two matters connected with

them. The toad is said to possess in its head a stone, the virtues of which, as an amulet, are far beyond any other. As Shakspere says,

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;”

and Lluellin, in his poems, 1679, says—

“Now as the worst things have some things of stead,
And some toads treasure jewels in their head.”

This stone was called Toad-stone, Crapaudine, Bufonites, Batrachites, or Krottenstein ; and Lupton says of it—

“You shall know whether the tode-stone be the ryghte and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a tode soe that hee may see it ; and if it be the ryght and true stone the tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would smach it. He enieth soe much that man should have that stone.”

Edward Topsell, in his very curious History of Serpents, 1608, among many other references to this stone, says—

“There be many late Writers, which doe affirme that there is a precious stone in the head of a Toade, whose opinions (because they attribute much to the vertues of this stone) it is good to examine in this place, that so the Reader may be satisfied whether to hold it as a fable or as a true matter, exemplifying the powerfull working of Almighty God in nature, for there be many that weare these stones in Ringes, beeing verily perswaded that they keepe them from all manner of gryppings and paines. But the Art (as they terme it) is in taking of it out, for they say it must be taken out of the head alive, before the Toade be dead, with a peeces of cloth of the colour of redde Skarlet, where-withall they are much delighted, so that while they stretch out themselves as it were in sport vpon that cloth, they cast out the stone of their head, but instantly they sup it vp againe, vnsesse it be taken from them through some secrete hole in the said cloth, whereby it falleth into a costorne or vessell of water, into the which the Toade dareth not enter, by reason of the coldnes of the water. These things wrieth *Massarius*.”

The stone was believed to possess wonderful medical, as well as magical, powers ; and as a discoverer of poison, was in high estimation. It was said to change colour in the presence of poison. As a help to witchcraft, which is thus described in the Gentle Shepherd, both the stone, and the toad itself, possessed extraordinary virtues—

“She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon,
And make the de'il's obedient to her crone.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk yards she raves
And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves !
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
Rims withershins about the hemlocks low
And seven times does her prayers backwards pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay.
Mixt with the venom of black taid and snakes ;
Of this unsony pictures oft she makes,
Of ony one she hates ; and gars expire
With slaw and racking pains afore a fire.
Stuck ful of prynes, the delivellish pictures melt ;
The pain by foulk, they represent is felt.”

The body of a toad, dried, and drank in wine, after being beaten to a powder is said to be a most deadly poison. While living they are believed to have the power of poisoning with the breath, and with a milk-like fluid which they eject. “Toads' milk” is often referred to by old writers as the most venomous of all poisons, and some very curious remedies are given—

“Bitterer than the green bullister,
Is the heart o' Robin a Rie ;
The milk on the Taeds back I would prefer,
To the poisons in his words that be.”

As a medicine the toad is also said to possess wonderful properties. Of these the following extract from Topsell must suffice—a careful perusal of which I recommend to those of my friends who are subject to the gout!—

"We haue shewed already that the Toade is a cold creature, and therefore the same sod in water, and the body annoynted therewith, causeth hayre to fall off from the members so annoynted. There is a medicine much commended against the Gowte, which is this: Take sixe pound of the rootes of Wilde-cucumber, sixe pound of swete oyle of the marrow of Harts, Turpentine, and Waxe, of eyther sixe ounces, and sixe Toades alive, the which Toades must be bored through the foote, and hanged by a thread in the oyle vntill they grow yellow, then take them out of the oyle by the threds, and put into the said oyle the slyned rootes of Cucumber, and there let it seeth vntill all the vertue be left in the oyle. Afterwards melt the Waxe and Turpentine, and then put them altogether in a glasse, so vsse them morning and evening against the Gowte, Sciatica, and paines of the sinewes, and it hath beeene scene that they which haue lyen long sick, haue beeene cured thereof, and growne perfectly wel and able to walke. Some haue added vuto this medicine oyle of Saffron, *Opobalsamum*, blood of Tortesyes, oyle of Sabyne, Swynes' greace, Quicksiluer, and oyle of Bayes.

For the scabbes of horses, they take a Toade killed in wine and water, and so sodde in a brazen vessell, and afterwards annoynt the horse with the liquor thereof. It is also said that Toades dried in smoke, or any pece of them carried about one in a lynnen cloth, doe stay the bleeding at the nose. And this *Fredericke* the Duke of Saxonie was wont to practise in this maner; he had euer a Toade pierced through with a pece of wood, which Toade was dried in the smoke or shadow, thin he roled in a lynnen cloth, and when hee came to a man bleeding at the nose, he caused him to hold it fast in his hand vntill it waxed hote, and then would the blood be stayed. Whereof the Phisitians could nevr give any reason, except horrour and feare constrained the blood to runne into his proper place, through feare of a beast so contrary to humane nature. The powder also of a toade is said to haue the same vertue, according to this verse;

Buffo vntus sistit natura dote cruentem.
In English thus;
*A Toade that is burned to ashes and dust,
Stayses bleeding by gift of Nature just.*

It is in some districts still believed that if a toad, proverbial for being poisonous itself, be applied to a cancer, it will suck out the poison of the disease, and thus cause a cure. In the days of mountebanks, who went from village to village, a boy was sometimes exhibited eating toads, in order that his master, a wonderful quack doctor, might show his skill in expelling the poison, and in bringing him to life again. In my boyish days I have seen this miserable kind of deception practised by these vagrant fellows.

The eyes of the toad were recommended as a certain cure for worms, and for other complaints; and its brains were believed to endow the possessor with magical powers. The poisonous nature of its presence among herbs, is thus alluded to by Lupton, in 1600.—

"In the first beginning hereof, a rare and strange matter shall appeare, worthy to be marked, especially of such as loue or use Sage. A certaine man being in a Garden with his Loue, did take (as he was walking) a few leaues of Sage, who rubbing his teeth and gummes therewith, immediately fell downe and died; whereupon his said Loue was examined how he died. She said she knew nothing that he ailed, but that he rubbed his teeth with sage; and she went with the Judge and others into the Garden and place, where the same thing happened: and then she took of the same Sage to show them how hee did, and likewise rubbed her teeth and gummes therewith, and presently she died also, to the great maruell of all them that stood by; whereupon the Judge suspecting the cause of their deaths to be in the Sage, caused the said bed of Sage to be plucked and digged up, and to bee burned, lest others might have the like harme thereby. And at the rootes, or under the said Sage, there was a great Toad found, which infected the same Sage with his venomous breath. *Anthonus Mizaldus* hath written of this marvellous matter. This may be a warning to such as rashly use to eat raw and vnwashed sage; therefore it is good to plant Rue round about Sage, for Toads by no meanees will come nigh vnto Rue (as it is thought of some)."

These interesting allusions to this reptile, and to toad-stools, might be multiplied to a great extent, but enough has been given to show how much interest attaches "even to a toad," when its history and uses are looked into. In concluding this portion of my notes, it may be well to tell my lady readers how toad-stools were used by a country gentlewoman, Hannah Woolly, in 1681, for the purpose of ornamenting and decorating her best room! —

"To dress up a Chimney very fine for the Summer time, as I have done many, and they have been liked very well."

"First, take a pack-thread and fasten it even to the inner part of the Chimney, so high as that you can see no higher as you walk up and down the House; you must drive in several Nails to hold up all your work; then get good store of old green Moss from Trees, and melt an equal proportion of Bees-wax and Rosin together and while it is hot, dip the wrong ends of the Moss in it, and presently clap it upon your pack-thread, and press it down hard with your hand; you must make haste, else it will cool before you can fasten it, and then it will fall down; do so all round where the pack-thread goes, and the next row you must joyn to that, so that it may seem all in one; thus do till you have finished it down to the bottom: then take some other kind of Moss, of a whitish-colour and stiff and of several sorts or kinds, and place that upon the other, here and there carelessly, and in some places put a good deal, and some a little; then any kind of fine Snail-shells, in which the Snails are dead, and *little Toad-stools, which are very old, and look like Velvet, or any other thing that was old and pretty*; place it here and there as your fancy serves, and fasten all with Wax and Rosin. Then for the Hearth of your Chimney, you may lay some Organ-Sprigs in order all over, and it will grow as it lies; and according to the Season, get what flowers you can, and stick in as if they grew, and a few sprigs of Sweet-Bryer: the Flowers you must renew every Week; but the Moss will last all the Summer, till it will be time to make a fire; and the Organ will last near two Months. A Chimney thus done doth grace a Room exceedingly."

One of the most poetical and delightful things in connection with Fungi, are the "FAIRY-RINGS," or "FAIRY-DANCES," which may be seen in our meadows and on our lawns, and which are produced by the peculiar growth of these strange vegetables. From the earliest times these "emerald rings" have been believed to be the places where the fairies meet and dance around their queen, or hold their joyous moonlight revels; and in Derbyshire, many sweetly pretty tales are told among the rustic population, of the sights they have seen of these little creatures, dressed all in green, dancing hand in hand around the ring, to the music of the field cricket, the grasshopper, or the drone bee; and aided in their quick and graceful movements by the light of an innumerable host of glow-worms; but it would take too much space to give these local fairy-tales a place in the present paper. The allusions to this belief in the old writers are very numerous. Shak-speare, in the *Tempest*, says—

*"Ye elves—you demy puppets, that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites" —*

and in "Midsummer Nights Dream," the fairy says—

*"Over hill, over dale,
Through briar, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere,
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslip tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats, spots you see.*

Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell ! thou lob of spirits ! I'll be gone ;
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon. ”

and again—

“ On hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance their ringlets to the Wind.”

again in the “Merry Wives of Windsor”—

“ And nightly, meadow fairies, look you, sing
Like to the gartor's compass, is a ring ;
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see.”

“ Pray you, look hand in hand—yourselves in order set,
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be.”

Ben Jonson in his Satyrs, Brown in his Pastorals, Drayton in his Polyolbion, and indeed most of the old poets have allusion to the belief, and among more recent ones, Sir Walter Scott says—

“ Merry elves, their morris pacing,
To aifril minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing
Trip it deit and merrily.”

Bourne, in 1725, says, speaking of the fairies—

“ Generally they dance in moonlight, when mortals are asleep, and not capable of seeing them ; as may be observed on the following morning, their dancing places being very distinguishable : for as they dance hand in hand, and so makes a circle in their dance, so next day there will be seen rings and circles on the grass.”

In “Round about our Coal Fire,” the author says—

“ My grandmother has often told me of fairies dancing upon our green, and they were little little creatures clothed in green.”

“ The moment any one saw them, and took notice of them, they were struck blind of an eye. They lived under ground, and generally came out of a mole-hill.”

“ They had fine music always among themselves, and danced in a moonshiny night around, or in a ring, as one may see at this day upon every common in England where mushrooms grow.”

In Nash's Terrors of the Night, 1594, the following passage occurs—

“ Then ground they malt, and had hempen shirts for their labours ; daunced in rounds in green meadows ; pincht maids in their sleep that swept not their houses clean ; and led poor travellours out of their way.”

“ Dancing,” says Mrs. Bray, “ is their chief amusement, which they perform to the music of the cricket, the grasshopper, and the frog,—always at night ; and thus they form the fairy rings.” These rings are held almost sacred by the country people, and it is believed if they are destroyed, that ill luck or death will be the result.

I have known country people, when they have unexpectedly come on to a plot of ground with a fairy ring, immediately stop and turn some article of their dress—the coat, cloak, or shawl—before they dared to go any farther. This is said to be the surest and safest remedy against fairy power, and is done because where a ring appears it is “fairy ground.” I have also heard it said that the toadstools which spring up on the ring, are the footsteps of evil spirits who had dared to get in among the “good people” in their revels.

Another fungus is the FUZZ BALL, which when ripe is filled with a fine dark-brown coloured powder, which flies out on pressing. This is said to be used by the fairies to throw into the eyes of prying mortals,

and to produce blindness. The name Fuz, or Fus-ball, is probably from fuzzy—light and spongy—fuzzy meaning light and airy, or frothy, rough but light; the expression to wear fuzzy, is to fray and become rough on the surface. Hall, in his *Satires*, calls it a “Fumy-ball;” and Ashmole, in his *Theat. Chem. Brit.*, 1652, says—

“Wych wilbe black and light withall,
Much like the substance of a *fusball*.”

Fuzz, or Puff-ball, is, however, said to take its name from Puck; thus—

“A further proof, perhaps, of Puck’s rural and extern character, is the following rather trifling circumstance:—An old name of the fungus named puff-ball, is *puck-fist*, which is plainly *Puck’s-fist*, and not puff-fist, as Nares conjectured; for its Irish name is *Cos-a-Phooka*, or *Phooka’s-foot*, i.e., *Puck’s-foot*. We will add by-the-way, that the Anglo-Saxon *Wolf’s-fist* is rendered in the dictionaries, toadstool, mushroom; and we cannot help suspecting that as wolf and elf were sometimes confounded, and wolf and fist are, in fact, incompatible terms, this was originally *Elf’s-fist*, and that the mushrooms meant were not the thick ugly toadstools, the “*grisly todestooles*” of Spenser, but those delicate fungi, called in Ireland, “fairy mushrooms,” and which perhaps in England were also ascribed to the fairies.”

The fuzz-ball, medicinally, is said, when ripe, to be the best remedy for stopping bleeding, and I have many times known it applied to cuts, and with good effect.

MUSHROOMS, from their rapid growth are believed in many districts to be the production of fairies, and this belief too is alluded to in the *Tempest*—

“And you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms.”

In many parts of Derbyshire I have heard the young mushrooms called “Fairy buttons,” and when they had grown old, and began to decay, and turn black in the “gills,” it is said that the devil has had his hand on them and driven the fairies away.

Did space permit, a great deal more might be said about beliefs and superstitions connected with “Fairy Butter,” “St. John’s Bread,” and other species of fungi, but I must content myself with just alluding to another kind, and then close these notes. I allude to the *Jews’ Ear*, a fungus which grows on trees and on decaying wood, and is most repulsive in smell, as well as uninviting in appearance. In form this fungus certainly does somewhat resemble the human ear, and this has given rise to its popular appellation. This name has been supposed to be derived from “*Judas eares*” from their growing on the elder tree, whereon Judas is said to have hanged himself; and from which it is believed to take its disagreeable odour. It is, however, more probably, literally from the Jews, who in the middle ages were held in such perfect abhorrence, and were persecuted by being nailed by their ears to door-posts and other places, by being publicly stoned, and by being pillaged, maimed, and barbarously killed.

Let me express a hope in concluding these short notes on the “Folk-lore of Fungi,” that, as remnants of the wild superstitions and curious beliefs of past ages are still “plenty as mushrooms” among our rural population, they may not be permitted to run to decay and be lost, but that they may be gathered while “fresh and good,” by our readers, and be carefully preserved in our pages for future use and reference.

Original Documents.

THE following highly important and interesting historical document, a list of the Jewellery delivered by Lord Cavendish to Lady Arabella Stewart, is in the possession of Thomas Bateman, Esq. ; and is here for the first time printed. The much-injured and ill-fated Lady Arabella—whose sole crime was that she was born a Stuart—it will be recollected was the daughter of Elizabeth Cavendish, of Chatsworth, by her husband Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, brother of Lord Darnley, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots, and that she was, consequently, the granddaughter of Sir William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, and of his wife, the celebrated “Bess of Hardwick,” afterwards Countess of Shrewsbury. The incidents of the life of this young, beautiful, and accomplished lady, which form one of the most touching episodes in our history,—the jealous eye with which Elizabeth looked upon her from her birth, the careful watch set over her by Cecil, the trials of Raleigh and his friends, her troubles with her aunt (Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury), her being placed under restraint, her marriage with Seymour, her seizure, imprisonment, sufferings, and death, as a hopeless lunatic in the Tower, where she had been thrown by James, are all matters of history, and invest her life with a sad and melancholy interest. The Lord Cavendish mentioned in the following document, was the Lady Arabella’s uncle, Sir William Cavendish, created Baron Cavendish of Hardwick in 1605, and afterwards Earl of Devonshire.

The document is a single folio leaf, written on one side, and the signature is on the margin. It is twice signed, the Lady Arabella having began to write her name, and then from an imperfection in the paper, desisted, crossed it out, and re-signed it :—

These jewelies, chaines, pearly rings, and other things hereunder written, received by the Lady Arabella Steward of the Lord Cavendish, xxiiith day of February, in the fifte year of the raigne of our Soueraigne Lord King James. 1607.

▲ Riche Sable, the head and clawes of Goldsmith worke, enamelled and set with diamonds and rubies, set with one pce.

Two borders of goldsmithes worke, on pce of one of them sett with two ples, * another pce sett with a diamond, another pce sett with a rubie, and soe throughout; the other of them borders with one pce sett wth foure round ples, another pce sett with a diamond, and soe throughout.

▲ chain of blood stone and goldsmith worke, foure score, and buttons enamelled wth black and three white snailles a pce.

Thirteone wyre worke buttons. Two more.

▲ clocke, † sett with diamonds and rubies.

▲ globe, sett with diamonds and rubies, with a ples pendant.

▲ seale like a pillar, sett wth rubie, diamond, and emerald.

Another border of gold smith worke, one pce sett wth a Diamond, another pce sett wth five ples, and soe throughout this of seaventeene peces.

Two rope of ples, containing six score and ffeue great ples.

Another border of goldsmith worke of ninetene peces, one pce sett wth foure ples and another pce sett wth an emerald, and soe throughout.

One Crosse sett wth diamonds and a ples pendant.

Another great Crosse sett wth diamonds, rubies, and ffeue round ples.

▲ Broorse; ‡ sett for wth a rock rubie, and an emerald, and a diamond.

* Ples—pearl.

† A watch.

‡ Broorse—a brooch.

An Ewre of christall trimmed wth gold, sett wth rubies and toochies.||
 A Salt of agget, trimmed with gould and set with emerald.

Three Gould rings upon a pap.¶

A greate table diamond in one ring, a pointed diamond in another, a lesse pointed diamond in another, and a rock rubie in another.

Thirtie eight pe of black and white aglet enameled, and three score eighteene pe and one od one enameled wth white.

Arbella Sturt

The following extracts are from the Household Book of the Hon. Anchitell Gray, of Risley Hall, in the County of Derby. The manuscript is in possession of the Editor, and extends over the years 1680-1-2 and 3. It exhibits the receipts and expenditure during that time, in the handwriting of Thomas Sarson, the Steward, and the accounts are signed by Mr. Gray. The Hon. Anchitell Gray, second son of the Earl of Stamford, married Anne, one of the co-heiresses, and subsequently heiress, of Sir Henry Willoughby, of Risley, Bart., and widow of Sir Thomas Aston, Bart. He "was thirty years member (of Parliament) for the town of Derby; chairman of several committees; and decyphered Coleman's Letters for the use of the House," and he also collected the "Debates of the House of Commons from the year 1667, to the year 1694," which were published in 10 volumes 8vo. The picture of the social life of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Gray, into which this book of accounts gives an insight, is a most charming one, and leads one's mind into all kinds of pleasant speculations as to their pursuits and occupations. There are many things which tell that the honourable member for Derby was a kind and indulgent husband, and that the domestic life at Risley must have been truly a pleasant one. Mrs. Gray was evidently very fond of oranges and lemons; and every time her husband went to Derby, he seems to have indulged her by taking back with him some little present of them. He seems usually when he came to Derby, to have "put up" at the King's Head;* to have spent about one or two shillings in "drinke," to have given six-pence "to the poor," to have paid fifteen pence, or so, for his horses; to have given something to the servants; and so to have returned home again carrying with him eighteen pennyworth of oranges and lemons, and a groat's worth of oat cakes as a treat for his "lady-wife at home." Now and then, however, he seems to have spent a little besides, for here and there occurs an entry of "paid to your honour at Derby, 5s.;" perhaps wherewithal to buy some other little treat which he did not care for his servant Sarson to know about, and into which, however much we may wish, we cannot pry. On his visits to Nottingham, he seems usually to have bought his wife a bottle of syrup, and now and then some violets; and there are other quaint and amusing entries of things bought or paid for, for her: while every now and

¶ Turquois.

|| A pap—a ring stand; so called from its form.

* The King's Head appears at this time to have belonged to him, as there are sundry entries for repairs done to it.

then a gift "to my lady" of ten pounds—of course for pin money—also occurs. The following are a few extracts from the book of accounts. We give one month's (October 1681) accounts entire, to show their character; the remainder are extracts from other portions of the book. We shall give others in a future part:—

			£	s.	d.
1681.					
October					
1	Paid to your honour for Mr. Batman of Derby	01	00
1	Paid to your honour going to Derby	00	05
1	Paid for Orienges and Leamons for my Lady	00	01
1	Paid for the horses in Derby	00	01
1	Paid for ale in Derby	00	01
1	Paid to the poor in Derby	00	00
2	Paid to Willm Winfield for 25 dayes worke	01	05
3	Paid to Thomas Cowlishaw for 8 strickes of Rye	01	18
3	Paid to Thomas Cowlishaw as his bill will appear	00	05
4	Paid to the Messenger that came from Mr. Ballwell from Derby	...	00	01	00
4	Paid to the Messenger that came from Maidley	00	02
5	Paid to Mr. Denham, of Derby, his halfe year Salary Looking the windows about Risley house, ended at Mich. last past	01	09
5	Paid to Henry Peach two bills as they will appear	01	14
6	Paid to John Tongue, of Dracot, for Axelling a Waine	00	00
7	Paid for sixe Orienges and two Leamons	00	01
7	Paid for oate Cakes	00	00
7	Spent at Derby	00	01
8	Spent at Nottingham	00	01
11	Paid for a strike of seed wheat	00	04
15	Paid to Willm Pipes for a Partridge nette	00	10
16	Paid to Willm Rossman of Breaston, for his Dyner when he Carried Lymne	00	00
18	Paid to Willm Hoult cutting Hullocches in the parke	00	08
19	Paid to Edward Rowlison of Dale for Sixe flandes and a little Nette	...	00	02	06
21	Paid to Mrs. Dorothy Hayward for wine	03	07
21	Paid for oringes for my Lady	00	01
21	Paid for oate Cakes	00	00
21	Paid for drinke at the Kings head in Derby	00	02
21	Paid for the horses in Derby	00	01
21	Paid to the poor in Derby	00	00
22	Paid for three Cod fish	00	01
24	Paid to a poore man by your honour order	00	02
24	Paid to Mr. Turner of Derby one halfe year Rent ended at Mich. last past for Risley Tithes and tow organges of Land at Breaston	...	07	03	00
25	Paid to the man that brought a Dozon bottles of wine from Mr. Ragg of Derby	00	05
25	Paid to Robert White of Breaston a Constables Levy	00	01
25	Paid to the man that brought worde of a Bucke lying out of parke	00	00
26	Paid to John Bennett for 28 dayes worke	00	18
26	Paid to John Burbidg: 6 days 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	00	03
28	Paid to Thomas Cowlishaw to buy Swine	02	12
1682.					
Novr. 4	Paid to the man that brought a quarter of Beefs from Mr. Yeomans of Derby	00	02
17	Paid for oringes and Leamons	00	02
17	Paid for oate Cakes	00	00
17	Paid at the Coffee house by your hon. order	00	01
24	Paid to your honour for my Lady	10	00
26	Paid to your honour going to Nottingham	00	05
26	Paid for of violets for my Lady	00	05
Jany 4	Paid to Captaine Monday Drummer	00	01
Feby 17	Paid to Mr. Kirby of Derby for mending ye Sedane and other worke	00	06
17	Paid for a paire of Shoes for my Lady	00	00
May 26	Paid to Mrs. Slater of Nottingham for making Shifts for my Lady	00	03

Derbyshire Anthology.

A JOURNEY INTO THE PEAK.

TO SIR ASTON COKEAYNE.

SIR,

Coming home into this frozen Clime,
Grown cold, and almost senselesse, as my rythme,
I found, that Winter's bold impetuous rage
Prevented time and antidated age :
For, in my veins did nought but crystall dwell,
Each hair was frozen to an icocle.
My flesh was marble, so that, as I went,
I did appear a walking monument.
"Tnight have been judged, rather than marble, flint,
Had there been any spark of fier in't.

My mother looking back (to bid good night)
Was metamorphos'd, like the Sodomite.
Like Sinons horse, our horses were become,
And, since they could not go, they slided home.
The hills were hard to such a qualitie,
So beyond Reason in Philosophie ;
If Pegasus had kickt at one of those,
Homer's Odyssee had been writ in prose.

These are strange stories, Sir, to you, who sweat
Under the warm Sun's comfortable heat ;
Whose happy seat of Pooley farrs outvies
The fabled pleasures of blest Paradise.
Whose Canaan fills your hous with wine and oyl,
Till't crack with burdens of a fruitful soil.
Which hous, if it were plac't above the speare,
Would be a palace fit for Jupiter.
The humble chappell for religious Rites,
The inner rooms for honest, free delights,
And Providence, that these miscarrie, loth,
Has plac't the Tower a centinell to both :
So that there's nothing wanting to improve
Either your pietie, or peace, or love.

Without, you have the pleasure of ye woods,
Fair plains, sweet meadows, and transparent foulds,
With all that's good, and excellent, beside
The tempting appley by Euphrates' side.
But, that, which does above all these aspire,
Is Delphos, brought from Greece to Warwick-shire.

But Oh ! ungodly Dodge ! that valu'd not
The saving juice o'th' signamticke pot.
Whose charming virtue made mee to forget
T'enquire of Fate, else I had stayed there yet.
Nor had I then once dar'd to venture on
The cutting ayr of this our Freezland zone.
But, once again, Dear Sir, I mean to come
And learn to thank, as to be troublesome.

* These characteristic lines are here printed from the original MS. copy, by the celebrated poet, the "honoured friend" of Isaak Walton, Charles Cotton, in the possession of the Editor. The volume of manuscript is of the highest interest, and is in the autograph writing of Cotton. It is entitled, in his own writing, "*Charles Cotton, His Verses*," and is in folio, in the old binding with clasps. This volume is described in Sir Harris Nicholas's Life of Cotton, attached to his edition of the *Complete Angler*. It contains some pieces not printed, and others very different from those in his "*Poems on Several Occasions*," printed surreptitiously after his death in 1689. It varies in many parts from the copy printed in the volume alluded to.

DEVONSHIRE'S NOBLE DUEL
WITH LORD DANBY IN THE YEAR 1687.

Good people give attention to a story you shall hear,
Between the King and my Lord Delamere
A quarrel arose in the Parliament House,
Concerning the Taxes to be put in force.

With my fal de ral de ra.

I wonder, I wonder, that James our good King,
So many hard Taxes upon the poor should bring ;
So many hard Taxes, as I have heard them say
Makes many a good farmer to break and run away.

Such a rout has been in the Parliament, as I hear,
Betwixt a Dutch Lord and my Lord Delamere.
He said to the King, as he sat on the throne,
" If it please you, my Liege, to grant me a boon."

" Oh, what is thy boon ? Come let me understand."
" Tis to give me all the poor you have in the land ;
I'll take them down to Cheshire, and there I will sow
Both hemp seed and dax seed, and hang them in a row.

It's better, my Liege, they should die a shorter death,
Than for your Majesty to starve them on earth."
With that up starts a Dutch Lord, as we hear,
And he says, " Thou proud Jack," to my Lord Delamere,
" Thou ought to be stabbed," and he turned him about,
" For affronting the King in the Parliament House."
Then up got a brave Duke, the Duke of Devonshire,
Who said, " I will fight for my Lord Delamere.

He is under age, as I'll make it appear ;
So I'll stand in defence of my Lord Delamere."
A stage then was built, and to battle they went,
To kill or be killed it was their intent.

The very first blow, as we understand,
Devonshire's rapier went back to his hand ;
Then he mused awhile, but not a word spoke,
When against the King's armour his rapier he broke.
Oh, then he stept backward, and backward stept he,
And then stept forward my Lord Willoughby ;
He gave him a rapier, and thus he did say,
" Play low, Devonshire, there's treachery, I see."

He kneit on his knee, and he gave him the wound ;
With that the Dutch Lord fell dead on the ground.
The King called his soldiers, and thus he did say,
" Call Devonshire down, take the dead man away."

He answered, " My Liege, I've killed him like a man,
And it is my intent to see what clothing he's got on.
O treachery ! O treachery ! as I well may say,
It was your intent, O King, to take my life away.

He fought in your armour, while I fought him bare,
And thou, King, shalt win it before thou dost it wear ;
I neither do curse King, Parliament, or Throne,
But I wish every honest man may enjoy his own.

The rich men do flourish with silver and gold,
While poor men are starving with hunger and cold,
And if they hold on as they have begun,
They'll make little England pay dear for a King."

There are several versions of the above ballad. One appears in Lyle's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, another has been printed in the Percy Society's (No. LXII.) volume of *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs, of the Peasantry of England*, and another, written down from recitation in Derbyshire, is given in *Notes and Queries*, Vol. V. The above version is here reprinted from a slip broadsheet. One of the versions is entitled "The Long-Armed Duke," and another "Lord Delaware."

Notes on Books.

The Second Series of Sir BERNARD BURKE'S "*Vicissitudes of Families*,"* is issued, and is full of interest. Sir Bernard, who is Ulster King at Arms, and author of "*Burke's Peerage*," "*Landed Gentry*," and a many other equally important and indispensable works, possesses peculiar facilities for the collection of materials for such a work as the present, and he has such an innate love for his subject, such a power of investing his strings of facts with a romantic interest, and such a happy way of weaving flowers among the thorns which have beset the paths of the families whose vicissitudes he chronicles, as to make his volume perfectly charming to the reader. Genealogy is one of the most fascinating studies of any when fully indulged in, but it commands itself to but few people on account of its apparent dryness. Such a work as Sir Bernard's will show the general reader that it has its bright and pleasant phases, as well as its dull and uninviting ones. The volume just issued gives the vicissitudes of the Couyers; the O'Connors of Connorville, of which the last representative was the celebrated Feargus O'Connor, the agitator and chartist leader; the Wrays of Ards; the family of Elwes, including the two opposite characters of the miser John and his spendthrift successor; of the Myttons of Halston; of the O'Donneells and the Rothes; the Groom-Prime Minister Ward; the Bonapartes; the Bulstrodes; the Laws of Lauriston, and several others. Among the rest there is a charming—an exquisite—little sketch of the "*Flowers of Finderne*,"—an episode in the history of that once famous Derbyshire family, which, from its extreme interest and beauty, we cannot resist transferring to the pages of "*the Reliquary*." The family of Finderne, who bore for their arms a chevron between three crosses formee fitchee, and had an ox yoke for a crest, was settled at Findern, five miles from Derby, for nine generations—from the reign of Edward III., to that of Henry VIII.,—when the heiress, Jane Finderne, daughter and heiress of her father Sir George, and of her brother Thomas Finderne, married the Lord Chief Justice Harpur, of Swarkestone, and thus carried the estates into that famous family whose representative is the present Sir John Harpur Crewe, Bart., of Calke Abbey. This lady and her husband are buried in Swarkestone Church, and some particulars connected with her, will be given in a future number of this publication. Speaking of the Fidernes, Sir Bernard Burke says, in language which may be truly called the poetry of Genealogy.

"I am pretty well acquainted with England and Ireland, and in both, but especially in Ireland, I have found the local memories of the old races wonderfully vivid and wonderfully accurate; the details, sometimes exaggerated and sometimes partially forgotten, are of course frequently inconsistent with fact, but the main features of the story are substantially true, and are generally confirmed by the test of subsequent investigation. The original edifice stands boldly out, though additions may have been made to the architecture, or time may have mouldered a portion into decay. In this consists one great charm of an "*old country*." The boundless prairies, the interminable forests, the gigantic rivers of the far West are wonderful and grand, and strike the mind with awe, but the heart is untouched; whereas with us every vale, and hill, and stream can tell of days gone by, of a long succession of native heritors, and are replete with ancestral story. One little anecdote it may be permitted me here to introduce from the English side of the Channel, as peculiarly illustrative of the endurance of local tradition. The hamlet of Fiderne, in the parish of Mickleover, about four miles from Derby, was, for nine generations, the chief residence of a family who derived their name from the place of their patrimony. From the times of Edward I. to those of Henry VIII., when the male line became extinct, and the estate passed, by the marriage of the heiress, to the Harpurs, the house of Fiderne was one of the most distinguished in Derbyshire. Members of it had won their spurs in the Crusades, and at Cressy, and at Agincourt. The sons were brave and the daughters fair: one, alas! was frail as well as fair, and the heaviest blow that ever fell on the time-honoured line was when Catherine Fiderne, about the middle of the fifteenth century, consented to be the mistress of Henry, Lord Grey of Codnor. In the remarkable will of that remarkable nobleman, who, in 1463, obtained a licence from the king for the transmutation of metals, provision is made for his illegitimate issue by Catherine in terms which were, no doubt, deemed unexceptionable in those days, but which would be deemed highly offensive in our own. The territorial possessions of the Fidernes were large: the Fidernes were High Sheriffs, occasionally Rangers of Needwood Forest, and Custo-

dians of Tutbury Castle, and they matched with some of the best families of their times. Finderne, originally erected *tempore* Edward I., and restored and enlarged at different periods, was in 1560 one of the quaintest and largest family mansions in the midlands. The present church, then the family chapel, had rows of monumental brasses and altar-tombs, all memorials of the Findernes. In 1850, a pedigree research caused me to pay a visit to the village. I sought for the ancient Hall. Not a stone remained to tell where it had stood! I entered the church—not a single record of a Finderne was there! I accosted a villager, hoping to glean some stray traditions of the Findernes. "Findernes!" said he, "we have no Findernes here, but we have something that once belonged to them: we have *Findernes' flowers*." "Show me them," I replied; and the old man led me into a field which still retained faint traces of terraces and foundations. "There," said he, pointing to a bank of "garden flowers grown wild," "there are the Findernes' flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land, and do what we will, they will never die!"

"Poetry mingles more with our daily life than we are apt to acknowledge; and even to an antiquary like myself, the old man's prose and the subject of it were the very essence of poetry.

"For more than three hundred years the Findernes had been extinct, the mansion they had dwelt in had crumbled into dust, the brass and marble intended to perpetuate the name had passed away, and a little tiny flower had for ages preserved a name and a memory which the elaborate works of man's hands had failed to rescue from oblivion. The moral of the incident is as beautiful as the poetry. We often talk of "the language of flowers," but of the eloquence of flowers we never had such a striking example as that presented in these flowers of Finderne:

Time, Time, his withering hand hath laid
On battlement and tower,
And where rich banners were displayed,
Now only waves a flower."

DR. INGLEDEW in publishing his "*Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire*,"* has done for that county what ought to be done for every other district, and has produced a volume which is a most welcome and excellent addition to the ballad literature of the kingdom. Of course it would be idle to suppose that the present volume contains even a tithe of the "ballads and songs of the people" of Yorkshire, but it contains a selection of between seventy and eighty pieces, many of them of extreme rarity and interest, and we trust that it may be taken only as an earnest of what Dr. Ingledew intends to do for his native county, and as a first instalment towards a complete and full collection of these interesting pieces. Dr. Ingledew's volume forms a fitting companion, in matter, to Halliwell's "*Yorkshire Anthology*," which contains a large number of otherwise unpublished ballads as well as other curious local matter. So inseparably as Yorkshire and Derbyshire have been connected in many historical matters, and from their geographical contiguity, it is natural to expect that the ballads of the one county will frequently have almost as much reference to the other, and this is proved to be the case in Dr. Ingledew's volume. Thus the ballad of "the battle of Aston Moor"—

"And alle the reste are noblemen
Of fortune and fame each one,
From Nottingham and from Derbyshire
Those valiant chieftaynes come."

And those relating to Robin Hood, of which by the way there are several, might naturally be included in an anthology of the latter county. It is very gratifying to see the taste for the collection and preservation of the ballads and fugitive literature of the people extending, and we hail with sincere pleasure Dr. Ingledew's work, which we trust will act as an incentive to others to "do likewise" for their own counties. One of the aims of the "*Reliquary*" is to provide a fitting receptacle for these things, and to foster a taste for their collection and preservation. We are glad to see that Dr. Ingledew has another volume in preparation, of somewhat similar character, and we trust he will be well supported.

The industrious Mr. DUNKIN, the Author of "*Legende Cantiana*," etc., has just issued, privately,† *The Dooms, or the Saxon Laws of Kent*, with a commentary. It is an admirable little work, and one which ought to be made public. It is very pleasant, truly, to possess a privately printed work, to know that it is one of twelve, and that

* London, Bell and Daldy, 1860.

† Only twelve copies printed for private circulation.

only eleven other people in the whole universe possess copies of it ; but somehow that pleasure is a little marred by the thought of to how many others the work would be *useful*, if they had it, and how much general information one is losing by keeping it back from those who might, by reading it in a different manner from ourselves, throw light on points which are at present, to us, obscure. The "Dooms," or laws of King Æthelbert are marvellously simple, and easily understood ; and as a model for the Law-reformers of the present day in their cry for consolidation of the Statutes, are beyond compare. Thus, in case of personal injury, there are separate fines for every member of the body, so that it only needed to be seen what injury was inflicted, and the amount of fine was known at once. Here are a few examples.—

"DOOM xxxviii.—If a shoulder be lamed, let bot be made with xxx. shillings.

DOOM xxxix.—If an ear be struck off, let bot be made with xii. shillings.

DOOM xl.—If the other ear hear not, let bot be made with xxv. shillings.

DOOM xliij.—If an eye be [struck] out, let bot be made with L. shillings.

DOOM xlviij.—If the nose be otherwise mutilated, for each let bot be made with vi. shillings.

DOOM l.—Let him who breaks the chin-bone pay for it with xx. shillings.

DOOM li.—For each of the four front teeth, vi. shillings ; for the tooth which stands next to them, iv. shillings ; for that which stands next to that, iii. shillings ; and then afterwards, for each a shilling.

DOOM liv.—If a thumb be struck off. xx. shillings. If a thumb nail be off, let bot be made with iii. shillings. If the shooting (i. e. fore) finger be struck off, let bot be made with viii. shillings. If the middle finger be struck off, let bot be made with iv. shillings. If the gold (i. e. ring) finger be struck off, let bot be made with vi. shillings. If the little finger be struck off, let bot be made with xi. shillings.

DOOM lvij.—If any one strike another with his fist on the nose, iii. shillings.

DOOM lix.—If the bruise be black in a part not covered by the clothes, let bot be made with xxx. scotia.

DOOM lx.—If it be covered by the clothes, let bot for each be made with xx. scotia.

DOOM lxx.—If a great toe be cut off, let x. shillings be paid.

DOOM lxi.—For each of the other toes, let one half be paid, like as it is stated for the fingers."

Besides the Dooms of Æthelbert, Mr. Dunkin's volume contains those of Hlothhaere and Eadric, which are equally curious.

Notes, Queries, and Gleanings.

ULLINGTON.

Remarkable Occurrences recorded in the Registers of the Parish of Lullington :—

Registers first appointed to be kept by Henry VIII. A.D. 1538 ; and Bibles in English were then first ordered ; and Parishes taught the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments.

Philip Greensmith, a soldier, was executed upon a tree at the Green of Coton-in-the-Elms, for deserting his colours, March 31, 1644. The tree died by degrees.

The Rev. Mr. Orgell grants a licence for eating flesh A.D. 1632.

Persons dying of an apoplexy, &c., not to be buried until after 72 hours.

King Charles II. his Act for burying in woollen was passed.

George Wood, a beggar that died, was found to be worth twenty pounds.

Lullington.

C. R. COLVILE.

INSCRIPTION ON THEULLINGTON CHURCH BILLS.

The fleeting hours I tell,
I summon all to pray,
I toll the funeral knell.

Our sounds, and emblems sweet
Of hearts in love combined,
The bride and bridegroom greet.

To honour both of God and King
Our voices shall in concert ring.

To celebrate the auspicious morn
On which the Son of God was born,
Our voices shall, with joyous sound,
Make hill and valley echo round.

The bells were cast about the middle of the last century.
Lullington.

C. R. COLVILE.

FUNERAL GARLANDS.

As a supplementary note to the very interesting article on "Funeral Garlands," in Part I., I may mention that about fifty years ago several existed in the parish church of Alvaston, near Derby. They were made much after the same pattern as those figured in the "RELIQUARY," but when last seen were not hung from the beam, but placed upon it. My friend Mr. Potter, the author of "The History of Charnwood Forest," remembers one which once hung in the church of West Hallam, in this county, bearing the following beautiful motto:

"For violets which the sweetest showers
Can ne'er bring back again."

The remembrance of these garlands serves to show that the pleasing custom of carrying funeral garlands existed in southern as well as northern parts of our county; but apparently it survived the longest in the latter.

King's Newton.

JOHN JOSEPH BRIGGS.

The custom of "Funeral Garlands" is still continued in some parts of Wales. At Llandover the garland and gloves hang twelve months in the church; they are then removed, and on the anniversary of the death the grave is by some friend or friends dressed with flowers, and a pair of white gloves laid thereon. These are taken by the nearest relative who visits the grave that day. The last time I was at Llandover Church I saw a grave so dressed with flowers. The gloves had just been taken by the relative.

Worcester.

EMILY AUDLEY EGINTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RELIQUARY.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read with great pleasure, your first effort to do for Derby what I have endeavoured for Exeter, a record of all the coins, and their varieties, sometimes very minute, that have issued from its mint. This can only be accomplished by degrees, and assistance from all quarters. As a very humble auxiliary, I send you some varieties not in Mr. Bateman's paper, extracted from "Ebor Emil Hildebrand's, Anglosachsiska Mynt, Stockholm, 1846."

ÆTHELRED II.

Obverse—ÆTHELRAED REX ANGLO. Bust to its right, no Sceptre. Irish type.
Reverse—GODPINE M' O DEOR.

Obverse—ÆTHELREAD REX ANGL. Reverse—OSGAR ON DORBY. Small Cross.

Obverse—ÆTHELRED REX ANGLOX. Reverse—OSOLF MO GEOFY. Hand of Providence.

Obverse—ÆTHELRED REX ANGLOR. Reverse—OSOLF MO DEORAB. Hand of Providence.

Obverse—ÆTHELRED REX ANGLOR. Reverse—OSOLF M-O DEORABY. Hand of Providence.

Obverse—ÆTHELRED REX ANGLOR. Reverse—PULSIG M-O DEORA. Crux Sceptre Obv.

Obverse—ÆTHELRED REX ANGLOR. Reverse—PULSTAN M-O DEORA. Hand of Providence.

CNUT.

Obverse—CNUT RECX. Bust to its left and Sceptre. Reverse—SPERTINC ON DE. A voided Cross with an amulet in the centre.

Obverse—CNUT RECX. Reverse—SPERTINC ON DEO. A voided Cross with an amulet in the centre.

Obverse—CNUT RECX. Reverse—SPERTINC ON DEOR. Open or voided Cross, with a Cross Pommé in the quarters.

HAROLD I.

Obverse—HAROLD REX. With Sceptre. Reverse—GODRIC ON DEO. Same reverse as in your plate.

Obverse—HAROLD REX. Reverse—PERTINC ON DEO. Open Cross fleurie in the quarters.

Obverse—HAROLD RECX. Without Sceptre. Reverse—SPERTINC ON DER. Same Reverse as in your plate.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

Obverse—EDWERD REX. Bust looking to its left and Sceptre. Reverse—FROME ON DEOR. Small Cross in field.

Mr. Hawkins has assigned all the Coins of a William, found at Beaworth, in Hampshire, to William the Conqueror. Mr. Lindsey, in a Paper in "The Gentleman's Magazine," for Sept. 1835; and myself, in a Paper in "The Numismatic Chronicle," Vol. II., June, 1839—1840; and another in "The Olla Podrida," Vol. I., page 117, have given our reasons for considering the coins in this hoard to have been struck in

the early part of the reign of Rufus. And I account for the perfect preservation of such a quantity of coins, from such a variety of mints, in all quarters of the kingdom, to have arisen from their having been the King's Seniorage of the different Mints, which an officer of the King's had received at the different Mints; and this idea of mine is strengthened by the condition of the Coins of Henry II. found at Tealby, none of which, like those in the Beaworth hoard, had evidently ever been in circulation.

Yours, truly,

RD. SAINTHILL.*

Cork, 7th August, 1860.

BOTTLE OF HAY.—"One might as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay" is a saying in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire. About twenty years ago I heard a witness, in giving evidence at the Worcester Assizes, say, "He was carrying a bottle of hay." Baron Gurney asked him, "What is a bottle of hay?" To which he replied, "A small truss, my Lord." Is this general?

Ogbourne St. George.

A Bottle of Hay, or Straw, is a general, and correct, expression,—bottle being a bundle. *Bottelman* is an old name for an ostler, and *bottle-horse* for a horse used for carrying bundles. Cotgrave gives the derivation, "Boteler, to bottle or bundle up; to make into bottles or bundles." An old proverb says, "A thousand pounds and a bottle of hay, is all as one at doomes-day." Topsell, in his "Foure-footed Beasts," 1608, uses the word. In speaking of the horse (p. 303) he says, "Give him his allowance of provender for supper, with a *bottle or two of hay*." ED.

F. A. CARRINGTON, F.S.A.

RINGING OUT THE AGE.—In Hereford and Herefordshire there is a custom, when a person of consideration is buried, to "ring out his age" as soon as the funeral ceremony is concluded. About fifteen years ago the late Edward Clive, Esq., for many years M.P. for Hereford, was buried in a parish a few miles from Hereford, in which his mansion was situated. The funeral ceremony was supposed to have concluded, his age was rung out at All Saints' Church, in Hereford, there being as many muffled peals rung as he was years old, which was 78. The eight bells were muffled by a piece of leather being tied on one side of the clapper of each. The scale of the descending octave was rung on the unmuffled side of the bells; this was followed by the descending octave on the muffled side, and this was repeated till the peal had concluded. The effect was very beautiful, as the sound produced by the muffled side sounded exactly like an echo of the other. Each peal lasted ten minutes, and with the interval between the peal there were five peals rung per hour. I heard a good deal of this, as I was staying at a house nearly opposite All Saints' Church. I heard from the commencement until I was rung to sleep at midnight, and I was told in the morning that the ringing continued till after seven o'clock, there being several sets of ringers who relieved each other. I have been since told that in the City of Gloucester, at the conclusion of the funerals of persons of all ranks, the custom is to toll the great bell, and as soon as the tolling ceases, to ring the bell very slowly until it has sounded as many strokes as the deceased was years old. I received this information from Mr. J. J. Powell, who is deeply versed in the antiquities of Gloucester and Gloucestershire. I wish to know whether this is customary in your district of the Midland Counties.

Ogbourne St. George.

F. A. CARRINGTON, F.S.A.

In deep sorrow the Editor has to record the death of his valued friend and correspondent, Mr. Carrington. When the "notes" which now appear were received from him, he was in his usual health and spirits, but was soon after seized with an illness which ended in his death. Mr. Carrington was one of the most accomplished and industrious archeologists of the day, and his contributions to antiquarian knowledge are very extensive and important. At the time of his death a paper from his pen, on the History of Marlborough, was passing through the press. Mr. Carrington was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; a member of many leading archaeological societies; was for many years a leading barrister on the Oxford Circuit; Recorder of Wokingham; a Deputy Lieutenant for Berkshire, and a Justice of the Peace for the county of Wilts.

ED.

PARISH REGISTERS.—We need scarcely to hint to our Clerical friends, and others, who have the care of old Parish Registers, that they will be doing really good service to Archaeology, and be adding materially to the general store of topographical and genealogical knowledge, by forwarding extracts from, or careful transcripts of, them to the Editor. The information contained in the old Registers is always highly interesting, and frequently of the utmost importance in filling up and illustrating obscure points in history, and it is hoped that the "RELIQUARY" may be the means of perpetuating many of the most curious of the entries.

* Author of an "Olla Podrida; or, Scraps Numismatic, Antiquarian, and Literary," "Numismatic Crumbs," etc., etc.

ALVASTON.

The two Crosses of which I forward sketches (here engraved) were brought to light when Alvaston Church was pulled down in 1855, and are now in the churchyard.

In the year 1780, the steeple of Alvaston Church fell, and a new tower was built. When this tower was taken down in 1855, and the foundations were dug up, the foundations of the old steeple were discovered, and under them, lying on its face, was a cross. Instead of two narrow lines marking the outline, a groove is cut, about an inch wide and $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch deep, leaving the cross in relief as it were. The length of the stone is 6 ft. 6 in., the width at the top is 2 ft., and 1 ft. at the bottom; the thickness about 5 in. This cross is shown in the first engraving.

The other one was used as the top stone of a window near the pulpit, and was yellow-washed over, like the rest of the church, with artificial stone markings on its surface. Some of the plaster having been broken off, and a few lines showing, the workmen were induced to clean it, and it is now as shown in the second engraving. The greatest length

of this stone is 5 ft. 6 in.; the greatest width 19 in.
Alvaston.

CHARLES JOHN ANDERSON.

HARTINGTON.

During the operation of restoring and repairing the old church at Hartington, in 1857, several incised sepulchral slabs were discovered, some of which were again made use of as ordinary stone, portions of which may be seen in various parts of the repaired external wall of the church.

The annexed sketch shows that the type of the decorated crosses upon these slabs was peculiar, and differed from any of those figured in Cutts's "Manual of Sepulchral Slabs;" their non-preservation is therefore the more to be deplored. One of the largest had not, at the time of my visit, undergone the ordeal of the trying chisel of the modern mason, but at some past time had been cut so as to form part of the splay of a window, without materially injuring the cross. Beneath the flooring of the nave on the north side there had been discovered, only a few days before the date of my visit, a very remarkable and rare form of sepulchral slab. It contained within a decorated recess at the upper part, a portion of a recumbent female effigy, the hands approximated together over the breast, and having the representation of a heart between them; at the lower part of the slab was a smaller recess of square form showing the feet. Excepting in the shape of the recess, the remaining portions

are almost identical in form with the well-known one in Brampton Church, figured in Lysons's Derbyshire, and is evidently of the same period, viz., the 13th century, to which date may be also assigned the sepulchral slabs. It would be highly interesting to the local antiquary if it could be ascertained what personage (or of what family) the effigy was designed to commemorate. It is to be hoped that this most interesting specimen is still preserved.

Chester.

T. N. BRUSHFIELD.





SCENE IN SHERWOOD FOREST.
ROBIN HOOD AND THE KING.